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LITERATURE AND ART.

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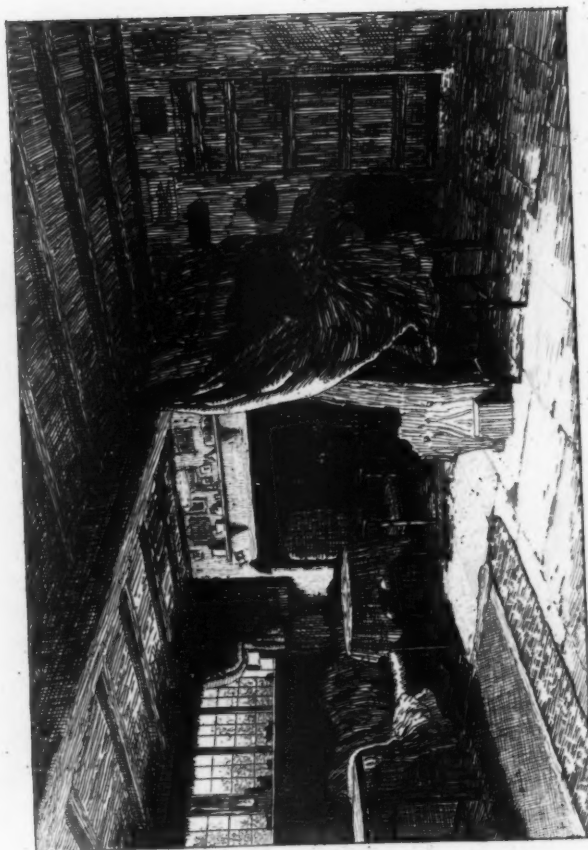
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AMEL HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.



A WALK TO SHOTTERY FROM STRATFORD- ON-AVON.

BY WALTER TOMLINSON.

"'TIS a fine morning," said Daubius; "whither shall we walk?"

"Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!" said I. "We have around us Piping Peabworth, Dancing Marston, Haunted Hillbro', Hungry Grafton, Dodging Exhall——"

"Stop!" said Daubius, "I'll have none of them. Men of genius and sensibility are, as we know, of tastes varied and erratic in the choice of locality for their peregrinations. Our good and lumbering old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, did, we have heard several times, say on all possible occasions, 'Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street.' Dante preferred breathing the fresh air down below, and he certainly came back a sadder if not a wiser man; but for us, my friend——

The sun comes dazzling through the leaves;
We'll walk between the barley sheaves,
Adown the fields to Shottery."

So to Shottery for the fiftieth time we go.

The way lies down the quaint and sleepy main street of Stratford, past the Town Hall with its statue of Shakspeare hoisted up aloft in a niche; past New Place, with its absurd relics of brick and mortar foundations; past the ancient Grammar School founded in 1482, wherein you

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may, if the master be willing, inspect the identical desk at which Shakspeare sat; and so to the end of the street, where, turning round by the Collegiate School (formerly Dr. Collis's) you enter "Chestnut Walk." Here you will find some very venerable and fine old chestnut trees, somewhat shorn of their beauty by storm and pruning it is true, but still worthy of attention by reason of the grandeur of their trunks, round which seats are placed for the benefit of the weary Stratford lotus eaters. Leaving Chestnut Walk, we cross the end of Rother Street and get into the fields by a clap-gate.

The grass is rich and thick, brilliant with white clover and occasional scarlet poppies. Two fat horses are idly picking a bit here and there, troubling about nothing in particular; whilst a lone brother in a neighbouring field regards them a little wistfully now and again, and quietly returns to the examination of his own special dawdling-ground.

When we first knew this walk to Shottery, some thirty years since, it was quieter, more undisturbed, and more beautiful than at present. You are not likely to be beset by crowds even now; but the steam demon has found it out, and a line of rails cuts right across it. We presently arrive at another clap-gate, a level crossing, and a board with the common legend "Beware of the trains." It looks dangerous, but you need not be in the slightest degree afraid. The trains are of a very mild sort, not in the least given to starting before their time, or to vicious rates of speed, and there are very few of them. Nevertheless, we do not regret leaving the iron road behind us, and having nothing but fields and gardens in front. Here is a stretch of field appropriated to allotment gardens. Tall peas, pickling cabbages, and broad beans make the mouth water; whilst clumps of seedling onions with their white and

violet heads of flowers, and the bright scarlet blossoms of the kidney-beans, delight the eye. Over the garden crops are set up at intervals long strings of flying rags under the vain delusion that the birds will be scared thereby; but, bless you, they are not so easily frightened. To the left, in a white garden bonnet, and with her frock turned back, is a woman quietly bending over some task; and to the right is a man in a white shirt raking away at some potatoes, the leaves of which are turning yellow in the heat, for it is very hot—very hot, close, and oppressive. Flies are troublesome, and buzzing about one's eyes and nose. The martins dart and fly about near the ground; the swallows skirl and scream overhead; and friend Daubius placidly opines that we shall by-and-bye have a storm. In the sky-distance are brilliant streaks of light and grey, with faint patches of cream, and occasional glimpses of blue, but the near cloud-masses are thick and heavy.

Onward into green grassy fields of permanent pasture, whose long rolling undulations show that the land was at one time devoted to grain. At the end of these fields a fine clump of elms composing well against the sky, and, underneath their branches, we discern in the near distance roofs of old houses, and white and black half-timbered walls which indicate the outskirts of Shottery. Outskirts did we say? Well, Shottery is hardly big enough to have outskirts. The two or three dozen houses of which it consists are all nearly within a stone's-throw of each other. It attains to the dignity of a village, of course: there is a little inn, and a school, and the native children have informed us that there is a shop where they can buy sweet-stuff; but this latter place we have not yet discovered.

Leaving the fields, we, after a turn or two in the village roads, suddenly come in sight of our destination—"The Cottage,"—Anne Hathaway's cottage—dear to all culti-

vated Englishmen—and (we say it with fear and trembling) still more dear to all cultivated Americans. For ourselves, we never tire of the beauty of this little spot. It appears to us a purely representative and thoroughly characteristic bit of genuine English rustic scenery. The stretch of lane lies flooded with sunlight, broken only by purple shadows from the cottage and the trees. To the right, a narrow grass-grown footpath, with a hedgerow of big old pollard willows, at the back of which runs a tiny stream, o'erhung by the trees. On the left, the long cottage garden, bright with vegetation and old-fashioned flowers; and in front the beautiful cottage itself, thatched, half-timbered, and partly overgrown with creeping and flowering plants. The thatch is bleached by the sun, the white portions of the walls are weather-stained, and the squares of timber framework (instead of being horribly and unnaturally daubed out with the blackest of gas tar) are grey with age. All is quiet, peaceful, and in harmony, and the whole scene is of so serenely placid a character that one almost resents the obtrusion of a human figure into the picture. Rising above the cottage at the back are some walnut and elm trees, completing the composition, and at the end is the old orchard formerly belonging to the house.

But the interior is no less picturesque. Let us enter by the little gate to the left, walk up the narrow garden path, and up two or three steps to the door, which, cottager-fashion, is wide open pretty well all summer long. This door opens into a passage which passes through to the back; but we turn to the left, open another door, and are at once in the cottage parlour. We take a look round, and it really matters little to us that we are in the veritable cottage of Anne Hathaway; that in yonder chimney-place Shakspeare did, without doubt, sit many a time and oft, fascinated by the charms of his somewhat

elderly sweetheart. The room is, pictorially, perfect of its kind; in tone, in colour, in its thoroughly homely look, and entire absence of "get-up." Two or three chairs, a little round table covered with a plaid cloth, an old oak dresser, an older oak settle, a frame of shelves, and a wide old chimney-place, and you have all. But these are lighted up by a long, low window in the wall at the back, through which you can see the sunlight glistening upon the shrubs and climbing plants outside. And the settle is partly cushioned with something of a nondescript kind; and the stone floor is partly covered with carpet and oil-cloth, no two bits of which are in the least alike; and over the settle, hanging from an iron rod running along the ceiling, hangs a wonderful assortment of things to keep out the draught—strange old pieces of printed calico, sheets of brown paper, and stuff curtains of indescribable colour.

Then, in an old armchair near the chimney sits an old lady, with the light from the low window streaming upon her white cap and shoulder kerchief, who quietly comes forward and tells you all that you don't want to know and don't believe in, but which you incontinently swallow—for is she not also a Hathaway! At least her grandmother was. She tells us, privately, that the house, garden, orchard, &c., had never been out of the family until her father sold all some thirty or forty years since, if we recollect rightly. At that time few visitors could reach Stratford, and he little knew what a treasure he was selling. Well, we must just run, or rather climb, upstairs, and have a look at the bedroom and the fine old carved bedstead which tradition asserts to have belonged to the Hathaways of Anne's time. It, at any rate, most certainly belongs to their *time*, so, in all trustfulness, we will believe it belonged to them.

Coming down again, we listen, as the old lady tells us that the settle was "the old courting settle." We dutifully look up the chimney at her request, because "we can see the light right out at the top." We inspect the list of great names in the visitors' book, shake hands with her, and depart, not forgetting the usual gratuity. As we leave the garden she gathers us a little spray of thyme, or sweet marjoram, or something "to put in a book when we get home."

The gratuities, of course, form the staple of the old lady's means of living, and one would think that none would begrudge a small fee for her trouble. It should be remembered that it is not a public place, and in the hands of trustees, like the Birthplace and the Museum, but is private property. She told us that formerly she made no definite charge, but found so many disposed to take advantage of the fact and give her trouble for nothing, that she was obliged in self-defence to impose a small fee. It is very amusing to be about the place and hear the oddities of the visitors. We sat in the house for about a week, sketching the interior, and although it became rather monotonous hearing about every half hour the usual ditty recommenced, in exactly the same terms and tones, "This is the old courting settle. It used to stand out in the garden, but was brought in," &c., &c., the monotony was somewhat relieved by observation of the manners and customs of the visitors. The big-wig of a party—the man of light and culture—leading a little *posse* of people lower down in the æsthetical scale, would discourse most eloquently upon "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," anon turning to the representative of the Hathaways, and with great complacency asking *her* opinion of some controverted point in connection with the life of Shakspeare or his writings. She, good old lady,

neither knew nor cared about anything but her own especial patter, and could merely fall back upon the old refrain, "*This is the old courting settle,*" &c. In contrast to the cultured big-wig was the lone, solitary visitor, evidently a bagman, in Stratford for the first time, and bound to see the show. He listened quietly (but with no great affectation of interest) to the usual chaunt, and, when it was ended, said, with evident gravity and seriousness, as he turned over his guide-book, "Let's see. What *was* the name of Shakspeare's wife?"

One day we were sitting at work in the lane, when out came a jolly couple in the highest good humour. Both fat, both forty, well dressed in their way, and "Brummagem" from top to toe. "What *I* like about this place," said one of them, with a round, hearty laugh, "is, it reminds me so much o' the Isle of Man!"





THE "BROTHERS CHEERYBLE" AND THE "GRANT BROTHERS."

BY ROBERT LANGTON.

IT is, I suppose, a generally accepted fact, that the world-renowned Cheeryble Brothers of *Nicholas Nickleby*, the first part of which appeared in April, 1838, were taken direct from the brothers William and Daniel Grant, merchants and manufacturers, of Ramsbottom and Manchester.

I have for many years hoped that some one who had known the brothers, some one with greater leisure and opportunities than I have, would have taken up this subject; but as time rolled on and nothing came to light, I determined to try if I could not do it myself. At the outset it occurred to me that the late Mr. James Crossley would be likely to possess a fund of original information touching this interesting subject, and having met him one day at the Chetham Hospital Library, and made an appointment with him for a meeting, I was in hopes of being in a fair way of hearing the story of Dickens's visit to Manchester in 1838, when he, accompanied with his friends Ainsworth and Forster, made the acquaintance of many of the leading men of the Manchester of that epoch, and when he was entertained by Mr. Gilbert Winter, of Stocks House, Cheetham.

Mr. Crossley's death, only a few days afterwards, in the summer of 1883, effectually closed that source of knowledge, and I have had to gather such crumbs of information, as could at this distance of time be gathered, from other sources.

It will, perhaps, be as well, before proceeding to show the points of similarity and dissimilarity between the brothers of the novel and their prototypes of Manchester, to give a brief sketch of each.

Of the Brothers Cheeryble we read (when *Nicholas Nickleby* had run rather more than half its course, and just after Charles Dickens had visited Manchester for the first time) that their place of business was in a quiet, shady, little square in the East End of the City. The Brothers called each other Brother Charles, and Brother Ned. They are described as having come into the wilderness of London barefoot and penniless, and as thanking God they had never forgotten it. They were dressed alike, "the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—nay, there were the same white hats hanging against the wall. Nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers." They are described as being ever on the alert to relieve helpless, deserving poverty, remembering the time when they, two friendless lads, had earned their first shilling in the great city.

"At a dinner given annually on the birthday of their old clerk, Tim Linkinwater, Brother Ned, after remarking that Tim must have been born 150 years old, and was gradually coming down to five and twenty, went on to say, 'Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten, and never can be forgotten, by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful, excellent,

and exemplary fellow, took from it the kindest and very best of parents, the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity, and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were two poor boys; but that was not to be. My dear brother—"The memory of our mother." "Good Lord!" thought Nicholas, "and there are scores of people, knowing all this, who wouldn't ask these men to dinner because they eat with their knives, and never went to school!"

In another place their mother is again referred to thus: "The time was, sir, when my dear brother Ned and I were two poor, simple-hearted boys, wandering, almost barefoot, to seek our fortunes; are we changed in anything but years and worldly circumstances since that time? No, God forbid! Oh, Ned, Ned, what a happy day this is for you and me! If our mother had only lived to see us now, Ned, how proud it would have made her dear heart at last!" In the story the Brothers Cheeryble are further described as German merchants, as having a very emphatic and earnest way of expressing themselves, "both had lost nearly the same teeth, which imparted the same peculiarity to their speech, and both spoke as if, besides possessing the utmost serenity of mind that the kindest and most unsuspecting nature could bestow, they had, in collecting the plums from Fortune's choicest pudding, retained a few for present use and kept them in their mouths." It will be as well to give here a brief specimen of the style of dialogue indulged in by these worthy twins, and though parts of it may be fairly open to the criticism of some writers, who have described *Nicholas Nickleby* as being "spoiled by gush," we must never forget that Dickens was at this time only twenty-six years of age, and in the full enjoyment of his wonderfully buoyant and elastic

youthful spirits. Brother Charles has found Nicholas in the street, and, after a brief inquiry into his circumstances, has taken him home with him, and thus introduces him to his brother Ned. It occurs in Part II., chap. 3. "The brothers shook each other by the hand,—the face of each lighted up by beaming looks of affection, which would have been most delightful to behold in infants, and which, in men so old, was inexpressibly touching. 'Brother Ned,' said Nicholas's friend, closing the room door, 'here is a young friend of mine whom we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statements, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed—as I feel assured they will be—we must assist him, we must assist him, brother Ned.' 'It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should,' returned the other. 'When you say that, no further inquiries are needed. He *shall* be assisted. What are his necessities, and what does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him here.' 'Stop, stop, stop!' said brother Charles, taking the other aside. 'I've a plan, my dear brother, I've a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned, and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the family when his poor brother died, was a sufficient recompense for his faithful services.' 'No, no, no,' replied the other. 'Certainly not. Not half enough, not half. If we could only lighten Tim's duties,' said the old gentleman, 'and prevail upon him to go into the country now and then, and sleep in the fresh air two or three times a week (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning), old Tim Linkwater would grow young again in time; and he's three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect Tim Linkwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim, poor Tim!'

The fine old fellows laughed pleasantly together, each with a tear of regard for old Tim Linkwater standing in his eye."

There is mention made in the tale of an old butler, David, who was in the service of the Brothers Cheeryble, who, at the dinner above mentioned, produced, at the right moment, a magnum of the double diamond for which the house was famous. This is possibly a reminiscence of the hospitality at Mr. Winter's (that gentleman being a wine merchant), and of the possible original of this butler we shall have a word or two to say in its proper place.

So much for the Brothers Cheeryble. I will now give an outline of the origin and lives of the Grant Brothers. My information is from various sources, and chiefly from a little book by Mr. T. H. Hayhurst, of Bury. Although, for the purposes of this paper, we have to do with two brothers only, there were, in reality, four—William, John, Daniel, and Charles, who were all born at Elchies, Morayshire, in the North of Scotland. They were the sons of William Grant, a small farmer, who, being ruined by a flood, afterwards became a cattle drover. The date of their emigration is not accurately known, but it must be close on a hundred years ago. The father and four sons were the first to travel south, the younger of them being then but small boys.

Arrived in Lancashire, the party succeeded in getting employment at Hampson Mills, Willy in the blue-dye works, and the two youngest as tear-boys in the same mills. The father, having some knowledge of Manchester from his frequent visits as a drover, commenced business in a very small way by purchasing fents and smallwares, and retailing them to the mill hands on pay days. The mother, Grace, whose portrait now hangs in the corridor at Nuttall Hall, Ramsbottom, her two daughters, and an

infant son (who was soon afterwards drowned in the Irwell), now joined the father, and the re-united family took up their abode in one of the cottages connected with Hampson Mills. The father, Willy Grant as he was called, now travelled on foot over the whole district, trying to learn what description of goods were most in request by the mill population, and shortly afterwards the family removed to Haslam Bank, on the old road from Bury to Manchester. Grant the elder used at this time to frequent the principal inns on market days, and dispose of his goods to the country people he found there. A hundred years ago, inns and taverns were houses of convenience and resort for business purposes in East Lancashire as elsewhere, and solid refreshments were much more easily to be obtained at a licensed house then than they are now. Mere drinking vaults, and I may add hotels, were then unknown.

From these small beginnings the Grant family got on by steady perseverance, and about 1790 they were located in a good retail shop in the Market Place, Bury, where they sold linen, prints, all kinds of cloth, and smallwares, and it was at this time, when the lads having left their employment at the print works, and the whole united strength of the family was given to push the business, that Willy Grant the elder, in obedience, as Mr. Hayhurst says, "to an old Scotch custom," purchased a small organ, which he persisted in playing in the shop to attract customers. This organ, I am told by the venerable landlord of the Grant Arms, Ramsbottom, is still in existence, and is still capable of emitting "something resembling an air."

Time would fail to hint at half the stories that are told of the Grants' peculiarities, even in these early days of their great prosperity. One only, a well-worn one, too, must suffice here. While still in the shop, in the Market Place, Bury, known as the "Wylde," the courtesy and

accommodating politeness and good temper of the Grants was one day the subject of conversation at the White Lion, Bury, and a bet was made that one of the company would go to the Grants' shop, and after putting them to all manner of ingenious aggravation and trouble, would buy a pennyworth of cloth and get thanked for the purchase. Accordingly, after having down piece after piece, the ungracious customer asked to have a pennyworth of cloth cut for him. Willy, the eldest son, who was serving, took the penny, laid it on the corner of the cloth, and having cut off a piece the size and shape of the coin, handed it to the purchaser with a "Thank you, sir."

The Grants rose so rapidly, that on the retirement of the first Sir Robert Peel, and by his special help and favour, they became the owners of the extensive works at Ramsbottom. Here they carried on the business of log-wood grinding, calico printing, and dyeing. This was in the year 1806. "Within ten years from the purchase of the Ramsbottom works the firm of William Grant and Brothers had become one of the most famous in Lancashire. They had established warehouses in Manchester, secured the weaving sheds and extensive farm at Nuttall, made many important alterations and additions at the Old Ground, purchased many plots of land in the neighbourhood, and were gradually effecting a metamorphosis at Ramsbottom." Their town house of residence was first in Lever Street, where one of the sisters died, and afterwards the house still standing, and but slightly altered, in Mosley Street. Some may remember the decorations of this house, and the illuminations at night on the 10th of October, 1851, when Her Majesty the Queen visited Manchester for the first time. Mr. Daniel Grant was then living in the house, his elder brother William having died in 1842. From a paragraph in the

Manchester Guardian, Saturday, October 11th, I will quote one sentence: "The illuminations and decorations in front of this gentleman's house were as splendid as they were tasteful. The whole front of the house from roof to basement was one blaze of light from innumerable variegated oil lamps." I may add to this that the equestrian transparency of the Queen on the front of this house, was painted by an old member of the Manchester Literary Club, Mr. George Hayes.

This house was first occupied by the Grants in 1815, and while residing here the brothers William and Daniel began to give those little dinners to the leading merchants and professional men of Manchester and district, for which they afterwards became celebrated. It was while the family were in the full tide of success (July, 1817) that Willy Grant the father died, aged 84. He died at his residence, Grant Lodge, now the Grant Arms, Ramsbottom. This old house had been a residence of the first Sir Robert Peel. The Grant Arms is now kept by Mr. George Goodrick, formerly butler to the brothers. He readily shows the house to anyone interested. Some fine pictures remain on the walls, and notably two full-length portraits on the staircase of George IV. and his brother the Duke of York. These paintings were too large to hang at Nuttall Hall, and have hung where they now are for more than sixty years! Mr. Goodrick has held the licence of this house for 52 years, and he shows, with evident complacency and justifiable pride, a massive piece of plate presented to him by the magistrates and gentry of the district on the occasion of their renewing his licence for the fiftieth time!

There remains little more to tell of the Grant brothers. They had secured prosperity and position, and they laboured to help every good work, both privately and publicly. William Grant was now a visiting justice for the

Hundred of Salford. He afterwards became Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The brothers were among the founders of the Royal Institution. Mr. William Grant laid the foundation stone of Henshaw's Blind Asylum.

Of the private benefactions of these estimable men I cannot even touch, but it would be wrong to omit all mention of the encouragement given by direct commissions to Nasmyth, the painter, and the practical help accorded to his son, the eminent engineer. I will now proceed to show, as shortly as I can, how the lives of the Grant Brothers coloured and were reflected in the lives of the Brothers Cheeryble.

In Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, Vol. I., page 158, we read: "A friend, now especially welcome, too, was the novelist Mr. Ainsworth, who shared with us incessantly for the three following years in the companionship which began at his house; with whom we visited, during two of those years, friends of art and letters in his native Manchester, from among whom Dickens brought away his Brothers Cheeryble; and to whose sympathy in tastes and pursuits, accomplishments in literature, open-hearted generous ways, and cordial hospitality, many of the pleasures of later years were due." In another place he says, "the Brothers Cheeryble brought with them all the charities." Mr. Hayhurst, in his monograph, says, "That Charles Dickens became personally acquainted with the Grants there is every reason to believe. Doubtless he sat with the Manchester literary and scientific worthies around the hospitable board in Mosley Street; possibly he visited Springside or Nuttall Hall, or both." But here, on the threshold of the inquiry, we are met by a statement of Dickens himself which is directly opposed to this view. In a preface to a later edition of *Nicholas* he quotes part of his first preface thus: "One other quotation from the

same (that is the first) preface may serve to introduce a fact that my readers may think curious. To turn to a more pleasant subject, it may be right to say that there *are* two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while, every day in real life, it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly-marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. But those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creation of the author's brain, but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour." He then proceeds to say that from that statement in his original preface he had been deluged with letters, requesting him to forward to these generous brothers such numbers of applications for loans, gifts, and offices of profit as he believes would have broken the rest of the Bank of England. And he adds, speaking of the Brothers Cheeryble, "with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life." A few lines farther on he says, "The Brothers Cheeryble are now dead."

The probability is that when Dickens, Forster, and Ainsworth visited Manchester in 1838, and were the guests of Mr. Gilbert Winter, of Stocks House, a full descriptive account of the brothers William and Daniel Grant, then living in Manchester, would be given to Dickens by his friends, and it is possible, and even probable, that they never met.

I commenced this paper with a proposal to show the points of similarity and dissimilarity between these two noble pairs of Brothers, but it can hardly be necessary; any one acquainted with *Nicholas Nickleby* will readily see that the Brothers really were very closely reproduced in the tale. There are, of course, minor discrepancies, such as that the Brothers were twins, that they never went to school, and that their mother did not live to witness their prosperity, etc., etc. On the other hand it is evident, that in pure openness of heart, in sound and sterling qualities, and in the guileless simplicity of the brothers, there is a startling similarity.

My friend Mr. James Shaw, of Bury, possesses engraved portraits of the brothers William and Daniel Grant. They are now very scarce, and though a copy of one of them is to be seen in the Peel Park Library, there is no copy either at the Manchester Free Library, or the Chetham Hospital Library. I should like to see this remedied.

In my priced catalogue of the sale at Gads Hill, August 12th, 1870, I find Lot 621A thus described. "Engraving in Gilt Frame, Daniel Grant." It was sold to a Mr. Ball for £1 2s. Miss Hogarth writes me, "I know the portrait of Daniel Grant was at Devonshire Terrace when I first went there to live, and that I was told the story of him and his brother, and that they *were* the men from whom the Cheeryble Brothers were taken—but I never heard any more, nor did I hear how the picture came into my brother-in-law's possession. But I *think* it was given to him."

I may fitly conclude this paper by saying that though, in Manchester, the memory of the Grants has rapidly faded out, yet at Ramsbottom and the district their names are dearly cherished, and are likely to be so for a very long time.



ITALIAN IMPRESSIONS.

BY THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR, B.A.

A MAN in a balloon fancies that the earth is moving and that he himself is stationary. A visitor in a strange country is apt in a similar manner to ascribe some peculiarity of his own to the whole population around him. When inquiring my way about Rome, so long as I confined myself to simple questions, such as—What church is that? or, Where does that street lead to? the people understood me. But when I went beyond those rudimentary sentences, I discovered that they did not know Italian. They uttered sounds, but they were quite unintelligible to me. I naturally set them down as a barbarian people. Of course, if they did not understand Italian they were not likely to know any other language. This was only an indication of their general condition. They had books, but I could not read a line of them. They had a religious worship, but as I could not follow it, nor see where it led, I logically concluded it was a superstitious mummary. I went into a church one week day evening, and found the whole area of the building thronged with an attentive audience, to whom a preacher discoursed from a platform about twelve feet square, and six feet high. His manner was easy and unconstrained, conversational, but reasoning, and occasionally rising to impassioned bursts of oratory. From time to time he sat down, but continued his address.

moving his arms gracefully, and turning his face from side to side as when he stood. The congregation were equally at ease. They sat on chairs, not rows of chairs fastened together, but on single moveable seats which each person placed wherever he chose. If a fresh comer sees a vacant spot in among a crowd near the pulpit, he carries his chair there and seats himself. He is not abashed by wearing a shabby coat. There is no apparitor or clerk, giving the impression that the building and its furniture belong to any person or body of persons, apart from the actual congregation. It is not necessary for me to say that the sermon, or whatever it claimed to be, was what theologians call an *opus operatum*, a work that had no intrinsic value or meaning, but was simply something done. I thus concluded because I could not comprehend it. It must be added that the people were civil, even respectful to me. A young student near where I sat told me the preacher's name, and when I could not catch it wrote it down for me, in a most obliging way. Here then was a large church filled with men and women, the former sex predominating, all, rich and poor, equally well conducted, listening to an oration in an unknown tongue. Had there been only a few old women it would not have mattered, but some thousand or more young men and women sitting under a preacher who uttered words without meaning, was a sight that stirred my Protestant blood. It was only after several weeks had passed that I discovered that the phenomenon which I had been surveying was in reality my own ignorance of Italian.

One of the sights that strikes a stranger in Rome is the very large number of ecclesiastics to be met with in the streets. This impression is, in a great degree, owing to the fact that there are colleges there of students from every Christian country, who all wear an ecclesiastical

dress, and move about in irregular processions through the public places. But there are also, of course, a great many priests and monks belonging to the various churches and convents. For a long time I never met any of these men dressed in their long cassocks and low hats without an internal, and I am afraid an external, sneer. "Lazy drones!" "Worthless encumberers of the earth!" I muttered to myself. This mood continued till one day, when, at the height of my indignation, a light flashed within me, cutting like a knife, and an inward voice said, "Poor moralist, and what art thou?" I went about ever afterwards very meekly in my glass house. What we require is not so much to see ourselves as others see us as to see ourselves as we see others, or to see others as we see ourselves.

The Italian Church is now going through a crisis, from which it will issue probably with a new life. The spirit of religion is indestructible. It would assert itself though there were no revolution. The accumulation of evil, the rank growth of corruption, has frequently produced the same effect that might be expected to follow from a formal change of the ecclesiastical system. The purest saints have arisen in the impurest ages. The sight of enormous abuse has been as the shock of revolutionary violence. It is not likely that the Italian Church is about to perish. The estates of the secular clergy have been sold and the proceeds invested, giving five per cent to the former owners, now changed to annuitants. The advantage which the Government gains by this step is that the Church property, now held by laymen, will often change hands and pay duties. While held by ecclesiastics it never changed hands. The estates of the regular or religious clergy have been confiscated, except of those engaged in teaching. The nuns are allowed four soldi a day to live on, and when a

convent falls to six nuns it is closed. The rival to the Church is the Army, and as this means warlike glory and foreign enterprise, the contest that goes on is, to us, full of interest. The military career of the Church has gone with the temporal power, and the question is, Shall there be Romanism and peace, or some phase of belief or unbelief and war?

The Italian army is in the heyday of its youth. It strikes one as being in the very mood of exultation and joy, with its brilliant uniforms, swords swinging carelessly or borne daintily in hand, every variety of decoration, every bravery of buoyant carriage. No veterans were ever like this. No Roman army of the Republic or the Empire ever came back from victory and rapine with such bounding hearts as those soldiers of young Italy bear to-day. Fancy those same young men, most of them good-looking, the officers almost all models of manly grace and beauty, coming home after years of warfare with dented armour and blunted swords and grizzled beards, and countenance scarred and bronzed and time-graven, and with stars and medals telling of victories and countless slaughters. Fancy all this, and say could those imaginary veterans approach the elation, the youthful joy, and radiant happiness of those striplings with their bloodless weapons? Look at the gloomy sardonic warrior of a hundred fights; look at the curled darling of a hundred dances and drawing-rooms; do you suppose the old warrior takes the same pride in his sword, the companion of unnumbered dangers, that the new follower of Mars takes in his glittering scabbard? And if the young army is happiest, as it certainly is, why send them to places of bloodshed? Are not reviews sufficient? Is it not pleasant enough to march along the Corso, or to loiter there in groups as evening falls, in flashing gold and steel? Is it not enough for the owners of the

bright eyes in the balconies and passing carriages to feel that here are heroes equal to any emergency? As I thought, I saw the folly of war. The whole result may be got by wearing an epaulet and a plume of cock's feathers. Why waste blood and money on more? A young-army, a nation rehearsing its victories, that is the dewy morning that no fiery sunset can ever equal.

But the country has to pay for all this pomp and display. The income tax is thirteen pounds per cent, and the whole taxation amounts to thirty-five pounds per cent.

Rome is situated on seven small hills in the midst of a plain, nearly circular, of about forty miles diameter, surrounded by the Apennines, where it is not bounded by the Mediterranean. The origin of its marked class distinctions in the early State and in its career of conquest was most probably the same as in our own country. A body of robbers or adventurers, resembling the Norman invaders, seized on the villages or small towns situated on the seven hills, or on some of them, and reduced the inhabitants to slavery. In the time of the first king, the surrounding country, the Campagna, was full of independent towns, and the lands, divided into little farms, presented the same appearance of careful culture that may be seen at the present day in the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands. Now the Campagna is an uninhabitable desert. My impression had been that Rome was surrounded by marsh lands. On the contrary, the Campagna rather resembles the undulating downs which we see in parts of England; but dry and sterile to a degree that overpowers the imagination. When you go out of Rome you are in an arid wilderness. Yet when evening or rain falls an exhalation arises that wraps the passenger in the very folds of death. One day I met a friend, a resident in the city, who, seeing that I carried a great coat on my

arm, said, "I hope you are not going into the Campagna." "Why not?" I said. "There was rain yesterday," he answered, "and the malaria always comes in force after rain. Several of us," he continued, "had arranged an excursion, but we have given it up." The deadly enemy hangs round the city like a besieger waiting for an entrance. I attended a sick woman in the deserted Palazzo Sciarra, on the Corso. She was wife to the coachman of the Prince Sciarra, and had been sent from his villa on the outskirts of the city, the spot one would have chosen for beauty and healthiness, to escape the malaria in the centre of Rome. This malaria, as we learn from Pliny and Tacitus, existed about Rome, under the emperors, as it does to-day. Therefore the country must have been waste and uninhabited as it is to-day. Livy mentions the deserted condition of the district once occupied by the *Oequi* and *Volsci*, about fifty miles from Rome. "*Squalent abductis arva colonis*," Virgil writes. The inhabitants of Rome were fed on corn which was nearly all imported from Sardinia, Africa, and Sicily. The people having no lands to cultivate, and being needed as soldiers, were supported by voluntary contributions. Baths were built for their accommodation, circuses and theatres were erected for their amusement, and gladiatorial shows were exhibited to feed their fiercer passions. Those fights were first funeral games, and grew in proportion as the emperors sought popularity. The gladiators were fed on succulent food, that the blood shed might be more copious and delight the people. So they were fitted for war. After the fall of the Gothic kingdom the populace received distributions of food, not from the prefect in the theatres and porticoes, but at the convent doors from the hands of monks. Now that the convents are confiscated, there is a temporary pressure; but it will pass away, for the lands of Italy are partially in the possession of the

people, and in the course of time the Campagna will come under cultivation once more.

The history of religion generally in Rome places the Roman Church in a new light. For two hundred years there were no images in the early Pagan state. Idolatry was introduced by the conquering horde. The inspection of entrails, which became a religious institution, was originally an examination of the livers of animals, by persons who thought of settling or building a city, in order thus to ascertain the salubrity of the water and pasturage. Augury had the same origin, some kinds of birds denoting healthy and fruitful neighbourhoods. Pagan Rome became the very hotbed of religious observances. The rulers were priests. No enterprise was undertaken without a religious ceremony. The emperors at last were worshipped as gods. The Popedom was only a new reign of religion. Now the temporal and spiritual powers are separated, and the result remains to be seen. The acknowledged importance of the people of old Rome never seems to have been forgotten. On the fall of the Empire, Italy fell into separate principalities under a kind of paternal government. The noble addressed tenants, and even servants, as a father might his children. It is noticed that the word "padrone" (master or owner) is another form of "padre" (father). A titled person is not addressed by his title by servants. If you ask, "Is the marchese at home?" you are answered, "Do you mean Signor Tommaso? or Carlo?" The peasant is civil, and expects civility. If any want of courtesy be experienced, it arises, I think, from the rude language of travellers accustomed to a different social atmosphere. One day at the Bagni di Lucca I passed a young man seated on the wayside, who looked at me with a suspicious scowl. I smiled, nodded, and said, "Buon giorno." His face instantly lighted up as with sunshine; he started to

his feet, and took off his hat, his white teeth glittering in his smile of pleasure. I wish I could always have acted in this way. It is the wildest arrogance for us to imagine that the social and religious customs of an independent kingdom are to yield to any other customs represented by a few foreigners.

Rome is full of goats in the morning. They are brought in from the surrounding country in countless herds, and occupy the city like an army of invaders. There is a flock almost in every street. If the streets be mere lanes, or very short, one herd suffices for two or three of them. If the street be a long one, herds will be found at intervals through its whole length. Each herd consists of from ten to twenty animals. There must be many thousand goats in Rome each morning. They come to be milked. The poor, and the rich if they choose it, are supplied with milk in this way. You can get a tumbler of milk, fresh from the udder, for a soldo, and drink it on the street. I did so several times from a desire to do in Rome as they do in Rome. The animals lie down tranquilly, chew the cud philosophically, and rise, when ordered, to be milked. There is also a singular natural water. It is carried about for sale in the early morning. It is called *acqua acetosa*, and is brought from a fountain, a couple of miles from the city, near the Ponte Molle. It tastes like soda water, and is supposed to be very wholesome. I went to see the fountain, and found the water flowing copiously from a sort of red sandstone, and several persons, with carts and hampers, bottling it, and carrying it off. All the wealthy families have it at their breakfast tables, and the poor can have it at a small price in the streets, or for nothing if they go to the fountain. An attempt was made to enclose the fountain and make it private property, but it failed. But to return to the goats. Rome presents a totally new appear-

ance during this morning goat reign. The herdsmen are as wild looking as the goats, and wear goatskin garments—the fronts of the thigh and leg being covered with goatskin. Is this an old usage? Did it exist in the time of myths and poets? In the early twilight of consciousness, if herds of goats and their keepers came at daybreak into the city, it could not fail to suggest the notion of Pan and the Satyrs. In the Piazza Signoria, in Florence, near the spot where Savonarola was put to death, stands a fountain surrounded by bronze figures which seem intended to represent the different stages between man and the goat, or rather between the goat and the man. I began at the wrong end, but I must give the series as I find it in my diary. The first figure has slightly pointed ears. The next has them more pointed. The third has hoofs, pointed ears, and horns. The fourth has human feet, pointed ears, and sprouting horns. The fifth has the horns a little more developed than the preceding one. The sixth has hoofs, long horns, and a face nearly as goatish as possible. The seventh is more goatish still, with long hairs on the front of the thighs (just like the goatherds at Rome), and the eighth is just the same in hoofs, horns, hair, and ears, with a face a little more human. When I finished my survey, I found that I had taken the wrong direction, and that the growth of the goat to man, and not the descent of man to the goat, was what I had been contemplating. The last stage, the fifth in my enumeration, has horns only, and a human face. He holds a bird, a crane it seems to be, which he has caught, and is looking before him with an air of apprehension. He has learned his possessive pronouns, discovered the perils of property, and already anticipates the approach of Henry George.

The indeterminate border land is the scene of wildest adventure. The time between light and darkness is the

period of superstitious fears. The mingling period of Paganism and Christianity, we cannot speak of, because we are still in it. The distant horizon, where heaven and earth mingle—who can look on it without mysterious awe? A surmised, indistinctly seen space in the history of evolution, where the brute blended into the man, is the haunted chamber of the human mind. Satyrs, fauns, and the whole race of tailed and long-eared men touch a mystical chord in our consciousness. The puzzled uneasiness with which we watch the gambols of monkeys is a related feeling. Artists of all kinds, in endeavouring to pourtray something more than ordinary humanity, only transcend its limits, and stray into the only other territory they know of, animalism. Sometimes this is done intentionally. Coleridge, by a hint, has made his Christabel a low-toned terror. Hawthorne half hides this secret under every page of his *Transformation*. But I think it is sometimes done unintentionally. We know only men and brutes, and any effort to conceive either in an extreme form only verges on the other. The Moses of Michel Angelo at San Pietro in Vincoli, in Rome, is only a dignified satyr. It attracts by a certain repulsiveness. You are drawn by a curiosity which you would prefer should remain unsatisfied, by a problem which you wish to remain unsolved. The demigod in art is only a demibrute, and so it is in morals also. The half-brutal man in history, the inhuman slayer of his fellows, is a kind of wehrwolf. He imposes on the imagination. Those who retain least of the prehuman nature shrink from him. Others, like Carlyle and Froude, worship, and ask us to worship with them.

At the end of the corridor on the right, as you enter the museum of the Capitol, is a piece of statuary, Hercules strangling the Hydra. The body of the Hydra and the left leg of Hercules were wanting when the work was first

found, and the missing parts were supplied by a modern artist. The Hydra is represented by a monster, with a body half lion and half dragon, with serpents springing from the neck. The serpents' heads are expressive of senseless fury, and some of them are aimlessly crushing the heads of their fellows in their jaws. The true fragment was afterwards discovered, and stands beside the restored group. In it the Hydra is a hideous serpent, with a female head, and serpents for hairs. The face is stony, serpentine in feature, and contracted with pain. The mouth is angularly open, and utters a prolonged cry of agony. The heads of the serpents are more terrible in their calm, passive lineaments than any exhibition of rage could make them. There is no burst of fury, no paroxysm of malignity. There is only the cold characteristic malice of an unchangeable fate. Whoever has viewed those heads will see how weak a thing is anger. Anger can be met by anger. Those petrified forms freeze you into despair. And Hercules' work is magnified, for you see that he has conquered destiny. The Hydra in the old work is a serpentine woman; in the new, simply a monster. The old sculptor inspired an unknown awe by a bestial suggestion.

Most tourists visit places or objects of interest on the Continent with a Murray or Baedeker in their hands. They follow the line pointed out by the handbooks, and if they have patience they see most if not all the things that are worth seeing. It seemed to me, however, in a little time, that the pursuit ran on a wrong scent. It is by no means easy in a church or gallery, crowded with statues and pictures, to find the object answering to the description in the handbooks. So after a while the desire became not to see a beautiful work of art, but to find the thing which the handbook pointed to. The interest passed from admiration to identification. When the object was discovered

you felt satisfied, not with its beauty, but because you had discovered it. I found a poor lady one day seated on a stone seat on the Capitol with Baedeker in her hand, looking the very image of weariness, bewilderment, and distress. "Can you tell me, sir," said she, "where is Heliogabalus' walk?" (I am not sure about the exact emperor.) "I have been hunting for it all the morning and I cannot find it." "If you will walk," I answered, "along that path by that broken pillar, and cross over that archway to the other side, and imagine that it is Heliogabalus' walk, it will answer the purpose. Most probably Heliogabalus did walk there, and it is just as probable that he never walked in the passage nominally assigned to him by the compilers of handbooks. These are merely matters of opinion, and your opinion is nearly as good as theirs." The lady had two daughters with her, and they all looked extremely pleased and relieved.

I walked round the walls of Rome. The distance is some fourteen miles. There is a road all the way except from the Porta del Paolo to the river. I made my way for this space through fields and vineyards, in order conscientiously to perform my task. Notwithstanding this bit of "doing" for the sake of "doing," the whole performance has left an indelible impression on my mind. The magnificent solitude, and the lofty unending wall containing its eternal mystery within, grew in impressiveness to the end. I should say that the feat is accounted dangerous. As I was passing one of the gates I met Colonel R—— and his wife. He at once warned me to look out for squalls. Robberies were very frequent, he said, on this solitary way. But his wife said, "You need not be a bit afraid; you don't wear rings or a gold watch chain displayed across your waistcoat." So I went on. The empty traveller can sing in presence of the robber. I began at the Porta del Popolo, the old

Flaminian gate, and, accompanied by my wife, went on that occasion as far as the Porta Salara. That is the loneliest part of the journey, and if I were a robber the part which I should choose to carry on my operations in. We met one man who spoke some threatening words, of which we took no notice. I did the rest of the walk alone. A good idea of later Roman history might be learned from a study of the walls. They abound with tablets recording memorable events. The gates are associated with invasions. In August, 410, the Goths under Alaric entered the city by the Porta Salara. In June, 455, the Vandals under Genseric entered by the Porta Portuensis. In 500 Theodoric entered by the Porta Aurelia. In 537 the city was besieged by the Goths under Vitiges, who cut off the supply of water by the aqueducts. Belisarius walled up their mouths to prevent the enemy from entering the city by them. So they remained for two centuries. Rome had been supplied with public baths of immense size. Their ruins are almost the greatest wonder of the place. When the aqueducts were broken or blocked up the baths were deserted and fell to decay. The habits of the people must have undergone a sudden change, traces of which are still apparent. But in those repeated sackings the whole city became a ruin. At one time there were no more than 500 inhabitants. One can imagine the condition of a people in those circumstances, all whose requirements had been hitherto supplied by public institutions. When I spoke of going round the walls I meant of course outside. Most of the length on the inside is bordered on by private gardens. Where it is not so protected the place is unapproachable from filthiness. I refer in particular to the space from S. Giovanni di Laterano to S. Croce. Twenty or thirty years ago the central ruins were equally inaccessible. As the ancient

buildings have been cleared of rubbish, and brought into daylight, their claim to respect has been allowed. Fragments of the wall are alone now desecrated, and in a little time I have no doubt they, too, will be visitable. I do not think any city in the world can be so full of fountains as Rome now is. But the city is still rising out of ruins. English residents tell of the time when the whole Forum Romanum was hidden under hills of accumulated debris with two rows of trees running the whole length on the summit, and the Capitol was covered with artichoke gardens. They were still busy in clearing away the mass of ruins in 1884. Formerly any person could rake among the earth and carry off whatever they found. Most of the villa grounds are decorated with fragments of statuary thus acquired. When Adrian's mole, St. Angelo, was besieged by the Goths the defenders flung masterpieces of Grecian art on the heads of their assailants. Now a government official watches even when a gas-pipe is laid to take possession of any relic that may be discovered. In fact, Rome stands on ruins of ruins of many ruined Romes. No earthquake endangers the city, so thick a crust of old foundations, one above the other, interposes. At a depth of twelve feet, just under a street, I saw some workmen unearth the base of a pillar, and the whole excavation at either side showed massive walls and archways. Broken pieces of old glass bottles and tumblers are found almost everywhere at great depths. They are supposed to have been 2,000 years under the earth, and have undergone a chemical change, producing the most exquisite colours, such as no effort of art could equal. These are so common that anyone may obtain some of them. The places where they are found, and they are found almost everywhere, were dust heaps. Near the English cemetery is the Monte Testaccio, the steepest and most clearly defined hill in Rome, approaching

200 feet in height, composed exclusively of broken pottery. I will just mention an expedition within the walls to correspond with the outer circuit. Two young ladies who were about to leave Rome were anxious to visit the Trevi Fountain and the Colosseum by moonlight. Whoever wishes to visit Rome again must drink of the Trevi Fountain, and fling a coin into its waters when about to depart. We set out at about half-past eight o'clock, walked to the Fountain, drank the water, and threw in the coins, went on to the Capitol, ascended the steps, viewed the grand equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius which Michel Angelo once gazed at and said, in a reverie, whatever in Italian is equivalent to "Gee up"—I once in Venice looked at an equestrian statue on a tall pedestal in the Piazza S. Giovanni e S. Paolo, till I shuddered at the consequences of the next step. We descended on the other side, went along by the Forum Romanum to the Colosseum, wandered among its ruins for half an hour, the moon shining as only an Italian moon can, all the time. We then drove to St. Peter's, passing St. Angelo, and drove back by the Pantheon, and were at our respective homes a little after ten. We had walked through highways and byeways—through places where there might be riots, and places where deeds of darkness are supposed to abound, and we neither saw nor heard a sight or word at which the most timid girl could take alarm, and we saw no policemen. So much for Rome at night.

One day I accompanied Lord R—— in a stroll round the Pincian Hill. It is the public park of Rome, and if you can turn from its own attractions, affords the best view of the city. Two Irishmen—I use the word Irishmen in its comprehensive sense, including Englishmen—cannot traverse general topics without from time to time falling into, and being borne away by some tributary torrent of

politics. Here Lord R—— and I were antipodal to each other, but as we had tacitly agreed to be tolerant, whenever one fell into the stream the other helped him out. We passed along the row of busts by the wall of the Medici Gardens, and at last stood before one of them. A certain name had just been dropped by one of us—dropped with a kind of recoil, as if it had been inadvertently taken up and found too hot to hold. Just then it was that we stood before the bust of Cæsar. "It is wonderfully like him," said I. "There are many varying busts of Cæsar," said Lord R——. "His was a manifold character," I answered, "and this no doubt was executed in the culmination of some one of his many accomplishments. It may have been after one of his great speeches." "The person to whom you compare him," he answered (now I had not compared him to any one by name, but the likeness was unmistakable), "may have resembled Cæsar, in other moods besides the oratorical. Cæsar lived in a time when every bent of the human soul had its unlimited field of action. We live in times of talk, and the great talker may have other passions which, silent and unknown to the world, express themselves in his countenance," and then we began to discuss whether suppressed or indulged propensities give most expression to the features. We leaned on the battlements of the high city wall which bounds the Pincian. Below us lay the unfrequented and gloomy road of which I have already spoken. "There are paths, nay, paved and walled roads, in our characters," said Lord R——, "that, it may be, none but ourselves are aware of. None of our uttered feelings traverse them. They are untrodden by the myriad public topics of our day. We are not conscious of their formation until we awake in a reverie and find ourselves pacing them. How often, as if in somnambular movements, must our

secret thoughts have passed and repassed till those deep lanes were worn in our souls?" "The love of mystery," I said, "is natural to us. The Roman emperors, who gratified every desire in the daylight, made those subterranean passages that fill us with awe, as at the sight of a prodigy, in the Capitol. We, who hide ourselves from our fellowmen, make the subterranean passages within us. So, after all," I went on, "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike." "Especially Pompey," said Lord R——. We had sauntered on, and now stood near the balustrade that overlooks the Piazza del Popolo, just over the statue of Victor Emmanuel. The carnival was in full career, but not the carnival of former times. The horse race was abandoned at the Queen's desire, because some fatal accidents had occurred, and, now that death was no longer a likely incident, the life of the carnival was gone, Italians said. Still, to a stranger the scene was one of the wildest extravagance. The streets and windows were thronged. Carriages full of masks and mummers, presenting every variety of whimsical design, passed along the Corso. Showers of bouquets and confetti hurtled through the air. An ordinary passenger, particularly if he wore a tall hat, was aimed at by every hand on the balconies and shouted at by every throat in the street. The Piazza which we looked down on was rather the source from which the stream of merriment ran than the scene of its display. "What a riot would grow out of such a concourse as this in England," said Lord R——; "and yet, if our people were accustomed to such modes of amusement, I have little doubt they would enjoy them as harmlessly as the Italians. Look at that Englishman passing near the obelisk. He seems as if he thought himself in an assembly of lunatics. And there is another of our countrymen at a little distance from him, whose motions I do not quite understand." We both looked

for a while at the two persons thus indicated, and soon were absorbed in observing them. One was moving about, seeing what was to be seen, and attracted from one spot to another by new objects of curiosity. The second was hovering round the first, and endeavouring to gain his attention and provoke enquiry or remonstrance without actually warranting such a step by any act of positive aggression. At one time he put himself right in front of the other as he moved on, so that collision was inevitable unless one stepped aside. He then walked directly towards him, and when he was within a yard of him turned right round and walked off. He then pretended to be passing clear of him, but suddenly, when quite close, he crossed his path. Then he placed himself behind some interposing object, and, when he saw that the other was looking in that direction, thrust forward his head and quickly withdrew it. Once he spoke to one of the crowd, pointing at the same time to his countryman with outstretched head and finger. We noticed, however, that the Italian did not understand either the words or gestures, for he stared in surprise, and went away. Soon two policemen made their appearance, and posted themselves near the obelisk. "Let us go down and see what it means," said I. So we made our way down to the Piazza as quickly as we could. We found the man still pursuing the same tactics. "Do you stand near the policemen, and I will look closer at the fellow," said Lord R—. But he had scarcely commenced his task of detection when the object of his watch showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness, which soon grew to excited irritation. He scowled angrily at Lord R—, muttered threats, and then stood for a moment undecided. His eye then catching the policemen, he walked quickly to them, and said in a low tone, "Sono guardato." His intention was to pass on, but he

had no sooner uttered these two words than the policemen seized him, and in a shorter time than I take in describing the incident he was gagged and thumbscrewed or handcuffed. "Non io, quello quello," he spluttered in broken Italian, nodding convulsively with his head towards the stranger, who at that moment was unconsciously disappearing in the crowd. A closed carriage drove up; he was thrust into it, struggling frantically, and driven off. "Who was that stranger?" said Lord R—— when I joined him. "He wore a collar like yours; he reminded one strongly of the Bishop of —— (I had been too intent on the chief actor in the drama to notice the other particularly, but his face seemed familiar to me.) And what is the meaning of it all?" "Oh," I said, "it is part of the Carnival. It is a wild time; every one seems bent on astonishing and puzzling every one." "One fool makes many," said Lord R——, "but the first fool is worst." While we were slowly moving towards our hotel, an official placed a paper in Lord R——'s hand, requesting the favour of his presence the next morning at the police court. We both appeared at the appointed time. The prisoner was brought forward. I had often heard persons in an impotent rage compared to a bull in a pound, but I never saw the fitness of the comparison before. But new surprises awaited us. Two witnesses, a big Scotch doctor and a little Irish one, came to make an explanation. The Scotchman addressed the magistrate, and asked whether he might commence the proceedings with prayer. "No," said the magistrate, "your next step would be to propose a collection." The Irishman then said that a mistake had been made; the police had seized the wrong man. It was the other man they should have taken. "But the other man made no complaint," said a police officer. "This was the man who complained of being watched, and you instructed us to seize the man who

made this complaint." The prisoner glared at Lord R——, and then at the doctors, but remained silent. "What right have you to give such instructions to the police?" asked the magistrate. "I have been acting under the authority," said the Irishman, "of a Welsh medical man of the highest eminence." "But Italy is not ruled by doctors," said the magistrate, "not even by Italian ones. I am disposed to think you should change places, both of you, with the prisoner." He then spoke in a low tone to the clerk. "As it is Carnival time," he resumed, "I shall let you off, but I warn you for the future to remember where you are and what you are." "Are we at liberty to go away?" said the Scotchman, in a weak voice. "Yes," said the magistrate doubtfully, biting the end of his pen, "we have no asylum for fools at present in Rome. If the Welsh member of your triumvirate were here we might erect a special building for the three of you, but as it is you may go." Lord W—— came in at this moment, and stated that the person whom the prisoner was following, evidently under some misapprehension, was his particular friend, Canon ——, son of the Bishop of ——. I now remembered that I had met Lord W—— and Canon —— a few days before at dinner. "Did I not tell you," I said to Lord R—— as we went away, "that it was a part of the Carnival?" "Did I not tell you," he retorted, "that they were fools? Who ever heard of such a series of blunders? I am beginning to think the Carnival is a useful institution. It allows our folly to escape in the form of folly. I know some men," he went on reflectively, "who, if they were allowed to play the open fool for three hundred days, might exhibit some little sense during the remaining days of the year, particularly in leap year. By having no appointed days to let off our folly, it gets mixed up in our serious concerns.

Why could we not get rid of our folly, as we do of our religion, by having set days for it? Now by avoiding the appearance we fall into the reality." "Bring in a Bill instituting the Carnival in England," said I, "and if by any accident I should be made a bishop I will give you my support." "You do not know," Lord R—— replied, "what you would do if you were made a bishop."

High art and distribution are antagonistic. My observations constantly revert to this formula. If one regards the Dying Gladiator with a full enjoyment of its artistic perfection, the moral it teaches is lost. Look at the marble as the symbol of a tyrant's triumph over conquered freedom, and your soul is stirred. Regard the symmetry, the truth to Nature, the elaboration of limb and muscle, and that is all you see. A clumsy, ill-proportioned figure would excite moral reprobation more powerfully than an exquisitely finished one, and it would excite it in the multitude, whereas not one in a hundred appreciates the artistic finish. Mere beauty is loveless. It is the expression that awakens love. Where art and a moral idea co-exist, only one can be contemplated at a time.

The Mamertine Prison is shown as the place where Jugurtha was starved to death, and St. Paul and St. Peter were confined. About St. Peter there can be no doubt, because the impression made by his head on the stone is visible to this day. Antiquarians, by their endless disputes and new discoveries, hide the main point at issue, which all may see. A late investigator contends that the Tullianum is only the outer prison or guard house, and that a long passage, still existing, leads to the real carcer. When this matter is settled, if it ever be, a few illuminati will be able to appreciate it, but, meantime, the fact which thousands can understand is mystified; the fact I mean, that the old Romans made great foreign conquests, and

exhibited gorgeous triumphs, in which the captive generals were led in chains, and afterwards were starved, scourged, or strangled in the Tullianum—wherever that was. In disputing about a locality, we forget the meaning of all this—the meaning that is patent to all—we forget that we are contemplating not a place, but a place where deeds were done that were devilish and damnable to every living soul to which God has given grace to damn evil. The Cenci portrait, which all of us, without exception have been shedding tears over since boyhood, is now said to be not the portrait of Beatrice at all, but a fragment of some large religious picture. This question will never be decided for the many to whom unquestioning ignorance on the subject is bliss. I have alluded to Roman triumphs. Let me describe one. Coming home from the Colosseum, one evening, we were overtaken by an omnibus. There was room for only one inside, so my wife got in, and I ascended and sat by the driver. I had never occupied so exalted a position before, and I only gradually became aware of its grandeur. We overtook a long array of soldiers, and, not being able to pass them in the narrow way, we were compelled to proceed at their pace. In front was a band, waking the echoes from palace and ruin with brazen notes. Then came a long line of infantry, with officers at intervals, all marching with military step, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Then came a lofty chariot, on the front seat of which I sat, with a driver by my side to teach me that I was human. Many triumphal processions had passed along that street. This interested me more than all.

But let me return to high art and distribution. The primitive fashion of utensils of labour and the multiplicity of wage payments are subjects of animadversion among strangers in Italy. The vehicles answering to our gigs or

drags give the idea of their having been made by their owners, they are so deficient in high art. But very few people possess high art carriages, while these homely vehicles are very numerous. Wheelbarrows and ploughs of very ancient make are in general use. Now a steam plough is artistic, but it is not distributive; and it may produce—let us imagine it—more corn, but the corn is not distributed. Donkeys, mules, horses, and oxen are to be seen in strange confusion drawing the same cart. A lurry drawn by one of our grand horses is the height of vehicular commercial art, but again I say it is not distributive. But think of the saving of money, you will say. Well, my answer is that the money is not saved at all, it is only brought into one or two pockets—that is, it is not distributed. In Florence the Arno is dredged by men in boats with long shovels. We should do it with a steam-engine. Well, a steam-engine is one, but the shovels are many; and whereas only a few persons would earn money with the steam-engine, many people earn it with the shovels. You may see men of the working class in all parts of Italy sitting idle at noon-day and playing cards and drinking wine. If men of the same class here did so, we should call them gaol birds and loafers. But we have high art idleness and gambling and wine drinking among our rich people, and no one calls them loafers. But, you will say, they can afford it. So can the Italians. But, you will insist, working men should work continuously. If you mean for themselves, I say that is their affair. If you say for others, I deny it. What we mean in Manchester by saying that men should work is that they should work to make other men rich. Here men work for the high art enjoyment of a few. In Italy they work for low art enjoyment and the general distribution of it.

A religious procession in Italy is an instructive thing to

look at. The procession and not the manner or finish of it is the object aimed at. Cardinals and bishops lead off, and then any one that chooses may follow. All kinds of people join in. They all carry candles, and some of them carry great bundles of them, so that any person may take a candle, and constitute himself a processionist. The candles waste a good deal, and men run along the side of the procession, taking off the excrescences of tallow that have formed on the sides, and putting them into vessels. If the procession crosses your path and is very long, you may walk through without fear and without reproach. Now compare this with one of our respectable, solemn, and select Cathedral processions, and you will see high art in one, and distribution in the other.

In the Italian Church's pictorial and sculptural art may be seen in all their stages, and suited to all frames and phases of intelligence. Titian's masterpieces and tinsel flowers are seen on the same altar. The former have soared above devotional expression, but the latter express living thoughts and feelings of living men, whose needs cannot be supplied by æsthetics. The poorest person can offer a candle and a few flowers, or a metal heart to the Virgin, and there it is treated with as much respect as a statue by Michel Angelo offered by a prince. I shall be told that this is idolatry! You want now to drag me into a religious controversy, when I am speaking about high art and distribution. You may call it idolatry if you please; but I am not thinking of what it is; I don't care just now what it is. We are discussing the distribution of religion, and it is no objection to my statements that the religion which is shown to be distributed is of some particular kind. That is a totally irrelevant consideration. Can it be shown that the religion which claims to be of a better kind is distributed better? But I will suffer myself

to be drawn into controversy for a moment. I say, then, that the Roman religion is idolatry, and that the religion of the great majority of those who profess Protestantism in England and Ireland is little better, with this additional blot upon it, that it is drained from the spiritual resources of the people, and has left the face of the land without a well from which the fainting wayfarer may drink. And this is done by aiming at perfectness in doctrine and ritual, instead of feeding souls on food which they can swallow. Our articles, our services, our sermons, our vergers, our bishops are all high art for the elect few. All these things in Italy may be very low art, but they are distributed. So high art and distribution are antagonistic. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

I find reflections in my note-book which I do not always see the context of. This is one of them. Views are sometimes called one-sided, but the real question is whether the things viewed are not one-sided. Here is another. There are no lovelier, balmier spots on earth than those where volcanic action once raged, as there are none more terrific than those where it still rages. Elysium and Tartarus differ only in time. Heaven is extinguished hell.

Trifling adjuncts in pictures may add immensely to their effect. The Crucifixion by Guido Reni in S. Lorenzo in Lucina, in Rome, is an instance. There is no group of figures surrounding the Cross. The ground on which the Cross stands is lost sight of. The figure of Christ has the heavens only for its background, and a fold of the robe flutters in the wind. This simple addition tells the whole story of helplessness in the blast of winter. No Crucifixion that I have seen approaches this.

In an Adoration of the Magi by Rubens in the Florentine Gallery, just behind the gorgeously attired Kings

making their offerings in solemn state, is a donkey braying with such horrible vigour that the whole canvas vibrates with the din. One wonders how the painter could admit such an incongruity. But it was no incongruity to him or to the Italians. It was merely a touch of Nature, such as genius only ventures on, that stamped an air of reality on the scene which no drawing or colouring could produce. Horses and donkeys are allowed to remain as Nature made them in Italy, and they carry on lengthened colloquies with each other in the streets. The bray of a donkey during some stately ceremonial must be a common incident. I one day saw a donkey draw a cart through a throng of gay equipages in the Piazza di Spagna, braying along the whole length with a total unconcern as to what his kinspeople the horses or his fellows the men might think about him. The Italians are charged with being cruel to animals. They certainly do apply the whip when driving with needless frequency, in many instances, but on the whole there seems to be a good understanding between the drivers and the horses that can stand the test of occasional rough usage. The horses are fed partly on bread, which they receive from their master's hands. Dogs are treated in Italy with an attention that is only exceeded in the case of cats. Italy is the paradise of cats. There is an entire Forum in Rome, the Forum of Trajan, dedicated to their use. It is a large and deep lately excavated space in the centre of the city, full of fragments of varied sculpture and cats. When any one wants to get rid of a cat, instead of drowning it he lowers it into Trajan's Forum, where it leads a philosophic life ever after, unless some one else wants to get a cat and withdraws it from retirement. Abundance of food is supplied by the neighbouring inhabitants, and the animals may be seen by dozens and scores, dozing in the sun or pursuing ordinary feline occupations.

At almost every house door a very sleek fat half-slumbering cat may be seen. At some doors four or five exhibit themselves, mere sleeping balls of fur. I should think there may be a tradition among them that in the primeval times of their race, when "wild in woods the noble savage ran," the fiercer members of their ancestry hunted mice, just as ours ate acorns. Dogs are rarely, if ever, allowed to go at large in Rome. It may be for the sake of the cats.

Pigeons are public pets in Rome and Venice. They are all of the blue species. One day in Venice I bought some Indian corn, and went to the further end of the Piazza from St. Mark's. I threw some of the corn on the ground, and instantly the whole face of the immense Piazza was lighted with blue gleams shooting to one common centre. The ground all around me became densely packed with birds. I held out my hand with some corn in it; a whole flock fluttered over it, and seven managed to find room on my hand and arm up to my shoulder, those who were too far from the corn looking piteously into my face. Once only I saw a cat prowling near some birds near the church. I went to drive it away, and some men whose attention was attracted by my action immediately came to my aid, and we routed the pigeons' foe.

Medical men in Italy hold, as a rule, a different position from that which they have obtained in England. Their fees are very small, and they have no high place in society. This difference, I conceive, is only one item in a wide constitutional dissimilarity. With us the continuance of disease, crime, and vice has become unconsciously an object of political necessity. Our judges, magistrates, and great law officers and military men, brewers and physicians are admitted among the upper ten thousand because they aid in keeping the remaining class in its proper place, and the conditions that maintain them must

not be allowed to diminish. Soldiers, doctors, and priests in Italy, belong to and are of the people, and have no social position. With us they are adopted among the aristocracy, and take part against the people. Our herds of paupers and lunatics, made proximately by brewers, who are one of the channels by which wealth is transferred from the workers to the idlers, require medical officers to manipulate and drill them. So the physician has become a State functionary. The Established Church, I regret to say, is employed, also, to keep the people contented with their lot. So its clergy are admitted among the ranks who are most interested in popular submission, and its bishops are peers. A farmer in Italy has two sons. He makes one a doctor, and the other a priest. These two men lead unambitious, useful lives in their native place, ministering to the wants of their neighbours, but not seeking to grow rich on them. The great gulf between wealth and poverty does not exist in an invidious form: the rulers do not seek traitors from the side of the people, and the people do not rush like an army of ants across a torrent, immolating themselves in endless millions, that a few scores of them may gain a place in the earthly Abraham's bosom. It might be argued that medical knowledge and religion are advanced in those countries where competition in money-making stimulates mental activity. Medical knowledge and religion are advanced only to science, so-called, and theology; that is, to high art. It is high art *versus* distribution again. The health of the body and the health of the soul are secured by the simplest remedies. I do not forget that the doctor goes much among the people. So does the clergyman. But both go as visitants from an upper sphere, and as Government officials. They only lick the sores of Lazarus.

When we look at some churches or chapels from the

outside, we conceive a vast interior. When we go in, we find a somewhat disproportionate area. So it is in religion. We are awed by an imposing exterior of sanctity in some individual. But when we get somewhat inside, we find that a great deal of room is taken up with winding stairs, dark passages, secret cells, and human dwelling-places, and that in the space that remains only a formal worship is offered. Yet we must not be cynical in our judgment. In those Catholic churches there is an asylum for suffering. Here you see a still figure kneeling before an altar. It may be a solitary figure. But do we seek a crowd when we sorrow? Here you may see an old man or woman palsied or blind, sitting in apparent insensibility. The insensibility you scoff at may be the quietude of an escape from the worry of a crowded, comfortless home, where want has left little consideration for the aged or disabled. Or you may see a working man nodding over his prayers, or quietly slumbering in his seat. Let us thank God that he has found one spot where an easy yoke is laid on his weary shoulders, and where his human infirmities will be pardoned and pitied. Only solitary mourners and penitents may at times be found in churches, but when our time of mourning and penitence comes, we find that we are alone, and that our one desire is some spot of solitude, filled only with God's presence.

An American who sat next to me at dinner, speaking of rich Europeans who purchased large tracts of land in America, said that the practice would be put a stop to by law, and that it was on the platform of their then presidential campaign; and that, apart from legal restrictions, the course of events in America would render it inoperative for harm. A man owning large lands on which he did not live would have the whole force of public opinion and custom running against him; railroads would be made, bridges would be

built, all State requirements enforced at his expense; he would be heavily taxed, his game would be pursued and killed without any possibility of prevention or redress, his trees would be cut down by persons who would be no mark for damages, and whom no jury would convict. "How would it be," I asked, "if the purchasers of those estates should in course of time succeed in introducing their fashions of thought, making them popular, and producing imitators?" "It was impossible," he answered. "There were no laws of primogeniture or entail, and the formation of opinion lay with the people, the mass of farmers and such classes, who all felt—each father, each mother—that their son might rise to the highest position in the State. This opened a vista of ambition, gave an energy, stimulated to exertion in a way that made the introduction of foreign opinions impossible." "But," I said, "a son of humble parents may rise in England to a very high position." "Yes," he answered, "he may; but he rises by the favour of those above him, whose opinions and prejudices he must adopt. With us he rises by the aid of the people, who are proud of lifting one of themselves, if he have the talent, to the top, in spite of the opposition of those in authority."

The mosquitoes are not such a plague as one is led to expect. They are most troublesome by night. But there are mosquito curtains by which you are safely guarded—sleeping in a large gauze cage. If an insect gets in by any chance, he is not able to get out again, and you see him on the curtain in the morning. If you kill him you find that you have only shed your own blood. If you have an enemy who hates and persecutes you, reflect that he must think a great deal about you, be in fact full of you, and that it would be a kind of suicide to crush him.

There are two Protestant cemeteries in Rome. Both are situated near the Porta S. Paolo. The oldest is now disused.

It is very near to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the monuments that were being erected interfered with the view of the pyramid, and so it was closed. It is surrounded by a deep moat. The entrance is by a little bridge, just at one of the corners, and close by it, you can see before you enter, the tomb of Keats. By his side lies his friend Sothorn. Shelley's heart is buried in the other and more modern cemetery. The tomb is situated opposite the gate, at the farthest point from it, close under one of the towers of the city wall. It bears the inscription: "Percy Bysshe Shelley. Cor cordium. Natus IV. Aug. MDCCXCII., obiit VIII. Jul. MDCCCXXII. 'Nothing of him that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea change, into something rich and strange.'" Beside the tomb is another, inscribed: "Edward J. Trelawney. Died in England Aug. 13, 1881. Aged 88."

These are two friends whose lives were undivided,
 So let memory be, now they have glided
 Under the grave, let not their bones be parted;
 For these two hearts in life were single-hearted.

On the Continent traces of English poets and writers constantly meet one like footmarks on the sand. A lengthened catalogue of these would be full of interest, were it not that their charm lies in coming on them unawares. Still there is a pleasure in remembering them and telling of them at home. In my very limited journeys I stayed in a hotel in Lausanne which is celebrated as containing the room where Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon;" at Bologna is a hotel where "Noel Byron" is written on a marble tablet in the hall, commemorating his once having lodged there. At the Bagni di Lucca the house where Shelley once lived is to be seen, though very few of the English residents are aware of it. At Rome a mural tablet marks the house where Keats died. Milton lodged in a house in the Via Sistina. These are only a few.

If you meet some one abroad whom you have often seen at home, but never spoken to, you instantly hold out your hand, and you both find that you, without knowing it, were old friends. So when we find memorials of our great men, we find that they are friends and brothers in a sense that we never were aware of before.

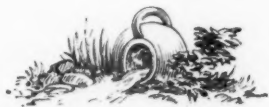




THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

WHEN darkly frown the skies o'erhead,
Without a gleam to light the way,
And scarce a thought by Fancy led
Recalls the glories of the day,
See Venus from her azure bed,
Venus, the Star of Hope, arise,—
Look down in pity and surprise
That other stars no comfort shed,—
And shine serene; the first to come,
The last to seek deserved rest:
Thus Hope within the human breast
Is first to make her peaceful home;
Nor can her cheering rays be stilled
But in the sun of Hope fulfilled.





A CHRISTMAS SYMPOSIUM, 1885.

THE usual Christmas meeting of the Manchester Literary Club was held on Monday evening, 21st December, 1885, at the Grand Hotel. MR. GEORGE MILNER, President of the Club, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and friends, including Mr. A. Ireland, Mr. Ivan Müller, Mr. George Freemantle, Mr. F. J. Faraday, Mr. John Page, Mr. C. Hardwick, Mr. H. S. Wilkinson, Mr. W. E. A. Axon, and others. Letters of apology were read from Mr. H. Dunkley, Mr. C. P. Scott, Mr. J. Couper, Mr. Edwin Waugh, Mr. J. Fox Turner, and others.

MR. ARTHUR O'NEILL sent the following rhyming communication from Hull:—

A RHYMED APOLOGY FOR ABSENCE.

*All hail to the Club, good cheer to the President,
The best of good wishes comes from the non-resident ;
If you've time and should care, will you read this from me
A message of friendship from by the North Sea ?*

A Merry Christmas, brothers all,
Let East send to the West a greeting ;
Let Humber to the Irwell call
A memory to your Christmas meeting.

A dozen years he held a chair
Around the Christmas supper table,
Who writes to say, in sheer despair,
To join you now he is not able.

The way is long, the wolds are wild,
The waters wan the meadows cover ;
Yet would he speed o'er fen or fylde—
As speeds the true heart to a lover—
If sterner duties did not make
A western flight, but for a day,
A hope that died as it did wake—
A moment's thought born to decay.

I mind those nights of genial jest,
When quip and crank the roof-trees rattled ;
When Page and Hardwick vied with zest,
As for the fun they stood embattled.
The one with flowing beard and bowl,
And festive wreath of berried holly ;
The other with his flowing soul,
And laugh to banish melancholy.

When Nodal's cachinnation fell
On 'stonished ears like summer thunder,
Infecting all, infirm or well,
Till Axon laughed himself, with wonder.
And you, sir, would relax the grave
Sad air that comes of over-thinking,
And join now in a merry stave,
Anon, perhaps, of wassail drinking.

And grand old Ned would sing his lays,
And wake up into merriest fettle—
A "richt guid Willie Waugh" those days—
To put Ben Brierley on his mettle.

I see the scene, though far away :
The crowded room, the cloud that's blowing ;
I hear the joke and roundelay,
And mark the mirth that's faster flowing.
I look in fancy round the room,
And meet some old familiar faces ;
And through the smoke-compelling gloom
I see, alas ! some vacant places.
I see, in fancy still, the scene,
The older friends are getting fewer ;
The old ones live in memory green—
A Christmas greeting to the newer.
A Christmas greeting and regret
From one who, like Sterne's raven, lingers :
" I can't get out, I cannot get,"
I'm bound by stern relentless fingers.
But there's one task to hold us both—
We both at *ten* may feel a pleasure,
If you, like me, are nothing loth
To toast each other in a measure.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER proposed the toast of the evening. He spoke as follows: It has been my duty now for some years past to ask you on this occasion of our Christmas festivity, to drink with especial honour the health of one of our guests—the guest of the evening. It is a pleasant and wholesome custom, and one which would not, surely, be more honoured in the breach than in the performance. The cynics, if they will, may talk of "mutual admiration" and the like, but the taunt to me is pointless. I am willing to abide by Wordsworth's rule, "We live by admiration, love, and hope." We admire what is strong and able; we love what is noble and generous; we hope against all discouragements for the triumph of what is best.

My mind goes back to-night upon the recollection of the men—good fellows all—to whom this tribute has been already paid—Edwin, our chief bard, the Layrock of Lancashire, who has now himself become, in his own words—"A snowy-yedded singer"; Benjamin, his worthy compeer in the task of perpetuating the homely and honest story of our rude Lancashire stock · John, our Bird-master—

That plump brid, the "Happy Page,"
Who'll give in song the exact gauge
Of throat of viper;
And tell by counting feathers, th' age
Of woodland piper;

the "Gentle Charles," that dear old antiquarian optimist—

Who in some moss-grown ruin sings,
Whilst delvin' deep for bygone things
I' tombs and ditches;
Now croonin' o'er the deeds o' kings,
Or pranks o' witches;*

and last, Carlyle's "infinitely well-affected" Alexander, who—we have it on good authority—carries an unfailing store of honey in his heart.

And now I ask you to add another name to this list, that of a man who in the popular sense, perhaps, and in his own proper person, has been but little known; but who, as a journalist, has held in Manchester for more than a generation a position at once unique and honourable. I allude to Mr. Henry Acton, whom we are all glad to see among us to-night, and whose claim to recognition in Manchester we gratefully acknowledge. I say in Manchester, because, although not native to the north, his life belongs to the city of his adoption. Mr. Acton came, I believe, as a very young man from Exeter to Manchester. He was a student at Manchester New College, and became a graduate of

* This stanza, which, with the previous one, is quoted from Brierley's "Epistle to Edwin Waugh," was originally applied to John Harland, but it is equally applicable to Charles Hardwick.

London University. The pulpit claimed his services, but the ministerial vocation was ultimately set aside, most happily, no doubt, in favour of the more congenial sphere of the press. Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, who was an astute judge of character, saw in Mr. Acton, not, indeed, the making of a journalist, but a journalist ready made, a man with insight and prudence, a man gifted, though early in life, with a matured and chastened style; and so, nearly forty years ago, he was installed as leader writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and became a co-worker with another member of this club and one of its founders—Mr. John Harland. It is just twelve months since he laid down the pen which had worked on unwearingly and without cessation for what must be regarded as the whole space of an ordinary working life. It is soon told, but how much is implied in that short record? What persistent power of labour, often against the grain; what knowledge of men and things; what judgment, what power of extemporaneous decision in times of crisis, what capacity for self-restraint. Nothing amazes one more in our modern life than the vast amount of intellectual power and achievement which is thrown so lavishly into the diurnal vortex of the public press. That the spirits of men should be raised by the spur of fame, that they should

Scorn delights, and live laborious days,

in order to erect some permanent monument of genius it is easy to understand, but that so much should be given anonymously, and for a comparatively ephemeral purpose, is much more difficult to comprehend. Still there are compensations. It is not possible that a man should have in his hands for forty years such an engine as the leading columns of the *Guardian* without exercising an enormous influence on the life of Manchester, and of Lancashire. There are floating traditions of Mr. Acton having taken his

part with Fox Turner, and Robert Leake, and other old friends of those far-off days, in the debates at the Manchester Athenæum, and I believe he was even, for a short time, the predecessor of John Ashton Nicholls as the secretary of that institution; but in the main he gave up all the allurements of public life for the sake of the one task to which he had been devoted. To most of us he was an impersonal power; not, indeed, "a wandering voice,"—a voice steady enough and persistent enough in its iterations, but still a voice—issuing from the mysterious editorial plurality—rather than a man. For this, however, one needs to express no regret. To have played so important a part in the making of the *Manchester Guardian*—a journal second to none in the provinces, and far superior to many in the metropolis—and to have helped to maintain its great reputation through all these years is a total sum of work of which any man may be proud. To strip one's armour after such a long fight is no reproach. The rest which is now within reach has been well-earned, and is richly deserved, nor should the laurel of appreciation be either withheld or refused. It is very pleasant to be able to add that those for whom and with whom he laboured have already acknowledged, in the most substantial and generous manner, their sense of his worth. Although, as I have intimated, Mr. Acton has held steadily to the one attachment of his life, it would be unjust to imply that there have not been occasional flirtations with the muses. Some of the old playgoers of Manchester will possibly recollect that he once wrote a capital romantic burlesque, "The O'Donoghue," which was performed with success at the Theatre Royal. A competent judge pronounced it to be "full of real humour, fancy, and wit." It will also, no doubt, be remembered by many that fifteen years ago he wrote a prologue for the Dramatic Festival given by the

proprietors of the Theatre Royal in aid of the local charities of the town. The closing lines of this prologue are worthy of quotation:—

And we, whom Pleasure counts among her train,
Vowed to a calling often deemed profane,
Triflers along the treacherous ways, though sweet,
Where Music, Poetry, and Painting meet;
If a harsh judgment disallows our claims
To train man's noblest parts to highest aims,
Grant us a share, for Pagans claim no less,
In binding wounds, and succouring distress;
Be ours, if not to bid the soul aspire,
To snatch the mortal brand from earthly fire;
Life's final mysteries if not to bare,
To aid its footsteps through this world of care;
If not to brighter realms the way to show,
To help, at least, to soothe man's pangs below!

Before I sit down I must express a hope, which I am sure will be echoed by this gathering of persons interested in letters, that the cunning hand and the fine taste which have resulted from so many years of incessant practice will in the quiet and shelter of a learned leisure contribute something towards the general stock of English literature. And now I must add that the saying of this has aroused an apprehension in my mind. The possession of that unfettered leisure to which I have alluded may lead our friend to wander away from a city which, it must be confessed, offers but few attractions to a scholar out of harness. Let us hope that it may not be so. We cannot afford to lose such a fine representative of liberal culture; but if it must be, if the temptation to seek repose amid more genial surroundings should become too strong, may we not trust that he will sometimes bestow a grateful remembrance upon this night at the Literary Club, and upon the many warm and attached friends which he will have left behind him in that "dim spot which men call Manchester."

MR. H. M. ACTON, who was received with warm applause,

in reply said: The first feeling in my mind is that of gratitude for the manner in which my health has been proposed by the Chairman and received; the second feeling is the sense that all your indulgence and encouragement is needed to sustain me in the position in which I find myself. I have heard from the Chairman that all those who have been entertained as guests of the Club at these annual dinners, with the single exception of Mr. Ireland, whose position in Manchester is an ample explanation in his case, have been amongst the founders of the Club; and it is an immense fall, therefore, from the founders to one who, like myself, is, in point of length of time during which I have been connected with the Club, one of its youngest members. I confess that I find no sufficient explanation of that mystery in anything that has been said.

I have often admired the powers of the Chairman as a public speaker, but never with more genuine admiration than in finding how much he has been able to make out of so poor a theme. The greatest poets show their greatest gifts in making noble poems out of the smallest subjects, such as a dried-up inkstand, or the ruined daisy. That is the talent of the Chairman. I may be forgiven for saying that the Chairman's speech reminds me of what I have always regarded as one of the most marvellous feats of rhetorical art. I refer to the practice which, when a new Lord Mayor of London is elected, requires the Recorder, as the legal officer of the Corporation, to introduce the Lord Mayor elect to Her Majesty's Judges, in order that the Royal approval may be procured for the appointment. On such occasions some biographical account of the person introduced must be given, and nothing in ancient or modern oratory has excited my admiration more than the ingenuity with which that task is executed. If the Lord

Mayor elect was the son of a farmer or farm labourer, then the circumstance immediately suggested that the impressions of his tender infancy were formed amongst the charms of natural scenery and the simple joys of a pastoral existence. If, in the next place the Lord Mayor elect had been apprenticed to a grocer, what was more natural than to say that in his earlier years he had opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with several varieties, and their values, of probable articles of colonial produce—meaning principally sugar—but capable also of being described as the productions of “those distant but not less endeared dependencies of an empire upon which the sun never sets.” Then again, if the Lord Mayor elect was a Member of the Honourable Company of Spectacle Makers—though probably his own knowledge of spectacles was of a kind that might strictly be said not to go beyond the length of his own nose—it was obvious to remark that by his association with the Company he had devoted himself to the service of that sublime science of optics by means of which the far-seeing gaze of humanity was projected into the remotest region of space.

With these reflections you may understand how I have listened with astonished and half affrighted ears to an account of myself the interest of which I perceived to be so largely due to the fancy and imagination of the speaker rather than to any materials afforded by the subject. There is only one feature in the portrait which has been drawn of me which I can completely recognise; that is a point in which Mr. Milner has done me simple justice. It was the meritorious action which I seem to have performed on being born on a certain 21st of December. To pass from myself to the much more suitable subject of the Club, if, as I have said, I cannot be accounted amongst those who have rocked its cradle, there

is a certain Tristram Shandyish sense in which I may be said to have been in at its conception. Some of the elder members of the Club who were present, will, I think, bear me out in saying that the nucleus or origin of the Manchester Literary Club may be discovered in the gatherings, years ago, of a few press men and congenial spirits who were accustomed to meet in the Old Clarence Hotel, in Spring Gardens, and afterwards at the Thatched House. Those were happy hours, and not the less so because the feelings by which their enjoyment was inspired have been found by many of us, from experience, to be feelings which cannot be expected to last for ever, and which are, in the case of many, far on the road towards decay and oblivion. They were hours, however, which will still prompt many of us to say, in words with which most of us are no doubt familiar—

Our incomes were very uncertain,
Our prospects were equally vague,
But the people we pity who know not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague.

The Manchester Literary Club, starting from that origin, has run through a career which may find some parallel in the career of the famous Literary Club established by the friends of Dr. Johnson, as nearly as possible one hundred years before the foundation of that Club. The London Literary Club met in the first instance at the Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, Soho; afterwards, I believe, at the Prince's in Sackville Street, and then at Parsloe's, in St. James Street. In like manner the Literary Club, starting from its formal institution, I believe, at the Cathedral Hotel, passed by a succession of migrations to the Mitre, the Palatine, the Grosvenor, and now to walls in which we are surrounded by an amount of accommodation which might fairly lay claim to the title of "Grand"-eur. In that way

the Club has flitted, as the bee flits from flower to flower, sipping, probably, now and then, after the fashion of that exemplary insect. I venture to use that metaphor, not knowing why public-houses should not be treated with a certain degree of poetical licence as well as with that other kind of licence with which we are more accustomed to associate them. But while the Club has thus changed its residence its career is a striking contradiction to the saying that "the rolling stone gathers no moss." As it moved it has enlarged its sphere of usefulness, and undoubtedly has also raised its character. It is not for me to pronounce its eulogium, but even those who are amongst its members are well aware, by its recorded transactions, of the pleasure attendant on its meetings and of the work which it has done. There is nothing inconceivable in the idea that, beyond the important literary works the production of which it has already stimulated, it may find amongst its members men whose future works will deserve to rank amongst those literary productions which we most admire. That may or may not be; but what is certain is that the Club, as long as it is conducted as at present, will afford ground for the thoughtful companionship and mutual support in study of all those who, like its members, know that there is no station in life, high or low, in which hours of weariness and lassitude will not intrude unless it is charmed and sustained by intellectual occupation. I hope the Club will long continue to occupy this place, extending the circle of the delights it affords, and becoming more endeared to its members as years go by. I beg you to believe that amongst my proudest recollections will be the thought that I have had paid me the distinguished honour which I have enjoyed, and have been able so imperfectly to acknowledge.

The Rev. W. A. O'Connor proposed the health of the guests, which was responded to by Mr. G. Freemantle and

Mr. Ivan Müller. Mr. T. R. Wilkinson proposed the health of the Chairman. This was supported by Alderman W. H. Bailey. The Chairman's reply brought to a close an evening of unusual interest.

Mr. W. Percy and Mr. Thomas Derby contributed songs to the evening's entertainment.





A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

BY C. E. TYRER.

THERE are, I suppose, moments in the lives of all of us, even those which are the dreariest and most colourless, when it is a joy merely to exist, and when (if we could suppose the question propounded) we should return, for the time being, an affirmative answer to the query, "Is life worth living?" At such moments we taste the true rapture of existence, and we realise what life might become under more perfect conditions than we are ever likely to know. In those matchless lines in which Shelley celebrates the beauty of an Italian sunrise in autumn from the Euganean hills, he likens such moments to "green, flowering islands" in "the deep wide sea of misery," and but for them, he says—

The mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track.

Yes, then, indeed, we happily forget the mighty ocean of human sorrow and suffering, in which our own troubles are but as drops, and the contemplation of which may well make us wish that neither we nor our fellows had ever been born; and rightly we forget them, for our business then is to enjoy. The slums of Whitechapel and Ancoats

and the frivolities of Belgravia, the miseries and the shams of modern life, are for the time equally non-existent; and the dull monotonous round of everyday toil seems to retire into an infinite remoteness. Such high experiences may come in the most various ways—in the sight of a beautiful face or the pressure of a hand; in a noble picture or in a strain of music. But perhaps to most of us such moments come most frequently in travel—that great and inexhaustible solace of our sorely-burdened age. Travel—although when viewed from the dead level of ordinary existence it often acquires, like the distant mountain-range, an azure hue which is not properly its own—yet usually affords some moments which, with a due consciousness of earthly limitations, we may fairly call perfect. Such, at least in the retrospect, appears to me one lovely evening in July on the Hardanger Fjord—that fjord, at once sublime and beautiful, whose shores have been not inaptly termed “The Paradise of Norway.”

I had come across to the Hardanger from Gudvangen, on the Sognefjord—spending a happy morning by the way in the sublime Nærödal—and after the glorious scenes from which I was fresh, I could not help feeling somewhat disappointed by my first glimpse of the famous southern fjord. Eide—the point at which travellers by this route touch the Hardanger—seemed to me, and still seems, the only spot I saw in Norway where the scenery can properly be called tame; and why the English should flock to it as they do seems only intelligible from its convenient position, and, alas for their boasted love of wild nature! the fact of its possessing a decidedly comfortable hotel. But here comes the steamer—the tight and well-provisioned little “Hardangeren”—which is to take us to-night to Odde, and going on board which with a merry party of English Norwegians, we soon leave behind

us the narrow Gravenfjord, with its tame, well-wooded banks, and are out in the main channel of the Hardanger. Here we touch at charming Utne—a favourite summer resort—which looks out from beneath its solemn cliffs on as magnificent a combination of the wild and lovely as the heart could desire. To the left, the outer Hardanger trends south-west, through infinite windings, to the open sea; while to the right lies the inner fjord, divided into two main branches—the Eidfjord, leading to Vik and the sublime Vöring Fos, and holding in one of its inlets—a creek within a creek—never-to-be-forgotten Ulvik; and the long arm, called the Sörfjord, leading due south to Odde. Beside the little pier at Utne a beautiful girl, dressed in the picturesque costume of the Hardanger, is paddling herself about, evidently in pleased consciousness of the admiration she excites. But we must leave beautiful Utne with those lively feelings of regret which constantly assail one in Norway, even after the briefest acquaintance with persons and places, for our boat's course lies southward up the Sörfjord, which soon expands before us. It was an evening of perfect beauty; and as the sun declined to his setting the colours deepened on the mountains, which were now orange in the sunlight, and purple in the shadow; while the colour of the water of the fjord, as of the sea of which it is a part, was deep olive-green. And there, cresting the hills to the right, are the eternal snows of the Folgefond, the largest reservoir of snow and ice in Southern Norway. Add to this, water of such exquisite clearness and purity that when the steamer nears the shore each cottage, each meadow, each rock on the beach is perfectly imaged, and it is sometimes hard to tell where land ends and water begins. When looking on this glorious scene—so unutterably wild, and so transcendently beautiful—some words of a famous Norwegian poet (which

I had read before leaving England) came, half-unconsciously, to my lips, and I confessed that Wergeland had not over-rated his native landscapes:—

ja, hvor findes saadant Sted,
Majestæt og Yndighed
i en inderlig Forening,
hvor ifra den hvide Fonn
brede sig i vid Forening
Fagerliers grønne Baand,—
hvor de blide Bakke-hæld,
som forbinde Fjord og Fjæld,
glide ud in løv-bekranste
grønne Odders Frynse-rad,
der sig speile som i Bad,
hvor de synes halv-vejs standste,
saa de ej forentes med
Fjordens anden skønne Bred.

* * * *

O, hvor findes saadant Sted,
disse løv-bekranste Tanger
med den frommee Hyttes Fred,
uden i din Herlighed,
underdeilige Hardanger !

And when the moon presently rose above the eastern mountains, and lent her pure pale spiritual radiance to complete the witchery of the scene, it might have seemed indeed that no region more glorious could be found on earth. And so on we went, past beautiful Ullensvang, with the Skrikjofos behind it falling a sheet of silver over cliffs of purple and orange; past Naee, that looks up from its thriving farms and orchards to the near glaciers and overhanging snows of the Folgefond; past Espen, where on my return voyage, a few days afterwards, peasant children brought to the boat tempting baskets of the beautiful morella cherry, for which the shores of the Hardanger are famous; and on into the now deepening shades of evening, not unwishful for Odde and bed. But still at the wake of the steamer the waters of the fjord reflected that deep orange glow which

marks the long golden twilight of the north. Strange and almost repellent now seemed the vast mountain forms that loomed forth grim and gaunt in the uncertain light, yet affecting the mind with the fascination of the unknown. Not a light from farm or homestead glimmered beneath them or up their sides, and it was not without a feeling of relief that we saw at length, far ahead, the lights of Odde. As the steamer drew up to the little pier, it seemed that all the inhabitants of the place, young and old, had assembled to receive us, though it was past midnight; and the hotels were gaily illuminated, especially the Hotel Hardanger, whose verandahs were resplendent with lamps of different coloured lights. As soon as we got ashore, nearly all the English on the boat—of whom there were many—made a general rush to secure rooms at the latter house, built chiefly for English tourists, and supposed to be the best in the place, at which "everybody who is anybody," as Mrs. Caudle says, must of course stay. But the whole proceeding reminded me too much of Manchester to be agreeable, and I declined to be a party to it. If one doesn't go to Norway to escape for the time being from the hurry and scramble of modern life, what does one go for? But of course every true-born Briton pines, when abroad, for his native dishes, and anathematizes the viands of other lands. Of course, too, he wants as much solid comfort and as much elegant luxury—as these things are understood in England—as he can possibly secure; though why, that being the case, and these things holding such a prominent place in his affections, he should be so eager to forego them, and should frequently forsake his beloved island for lengthened periods, is to me a considerable mystery. The true-born Briton is, I am afraid, doing his best to spoil Norwegian travel, especially in the fjords. As fashionable hotels are built, and the natives get used to

the lavish expenditure of the English, the old simplicity of life and manners will die out, and much that now delights the intelligent traveller will disappear; though, on the other hand, he will have the inestimable privilege and unspeakable satisfaction of paying for his food and lodging three or four times as much as at present.

Now, in Norway, the old post-houses (or "stations" as they are called) are, at least on the more travelled routes, almost invariably good, though by no means luxurious, and no one who deserves to travel in Norway ought to wish for anything better. It was to Odde "station," kept by the guide Baard Aga, and often called by his name, that I now proceeded; and if good food, a clean bed, untiring kindness and attention, and a ridiculously small bill do not seem a most admirable combination of good qualities, one must indeed be terribly hard to please. Posting in Norway, I should perhaps explain, is of two kinds—*land-skys* and *vand-skys*, that is, land-posting and water-posting. At inland stations, of course, there is only the former kind, at some places on the fjords only the latter, but the station at Odde is licensed for both; you can post by boat down the fjord, and by carriage or *stolkjærre* to places on the excellent new road which leads through the Thelemarken towards Christiania.

It was with no little interest that I looked out next morning upon the scene whose dark engirdling mountains had loomed out so vaguely and yet so solemnly on the previous midnight. Beautiful certainly was the landscape, and yet it was hardly the beauty one had expected to see. Nothing shows more clearly the vast progress made by our countrymen during the last century in the appreciation of the wilder aspects of nature, than that we should associate the idea of beauty with such a scene at all. To Sterne, for example, or to Goldsmith, this sublime landscape would only have suggested horror and dismay; and even Gray probably

would have wished himself out of it as speedily as possible. What would the authors of *The Traveller* and *The Sentimental Journey* have seen to charm them in these dark pine-clad precipices, topped by the eternal snow; in these gorges—

Spray-drizzled, lonely,
Unclimbed by man,

or in the sombre waters of the fjord beyond, on whose shores there is no path for human feet save those of the hardy and daring mountaineer. Between the two savage mountain walls lies a tiny plain of cultivated land, and on its margin and partly on ground which juts out into the fjord, stand the brightly-painted wooden houses and white-spined church of Odde, a word common in Norwegian placenames, and meaning "tongue of land." Much the handsomest building in the village is the new Hotel Hardanger; and in front of it is an enclosed patch of garden ground (a quite exceptional thing in Norway, where gardens are rare), in which I noticed, among other things, cherry trees, with fruit nearly ripe, thriving currant and gooseberry bushes, and some tall spikes of orange lilies. After breakfast at the station, where I joined two English ladies who had travelled by themselves from Christiania through the primitive Thelemarken, I sallied out to watch the people arriving to service in the church. Far down the fjord the water was alive with boats, bearing the inmates of the lonely farmhouses along the shores of the fjord, to the little church of this widely-scattered parish. The boats are moored at different points along the rocky beach, and it is interesting to watch the people, as they wait for the service to begin, some strolling about the rude graveyard, with its green mounds quite undesigned or marked by rude crosses of iron or painted wood, where many of their friends and relatives are laid to rest. The

dress of the women is remarkably picturesque and effective in colour. It consists of a bodice of bright coloured stuff, ornamented with velvet and bead-work, over a sort of white tunic with sleeves, and a gown of some darker material. Below the spotlessly white collar gold and silver ornaments are frequently displayed as brooches and breast-pieces. In the older women the head is covered with an elaborate linen cap called the *skaut*, falling behind in many crimped folds which terminate in a point. With the girls and younger women, on the other hand, the hair is worn in two long plaits tied with ribbons, and the sole headgear is a shawl or bright coloured handkerchief, from under which many a pretty engaging face looks out with modest but embarrassed gaze. The men, dressed in dark serge suits and wearing soft cloth caps, have little that is attractive about them. Their dark skins and hair and somewhat coarse appearance mark them out as different in race from the flaxen-haired and blue-eyed natives of Eastern Norway. By-and-bye we enter the church, where service has already begun. Both the exterior and the interior of this little temple are plain to a degree. Externally the wooden boards of which it is built are painted white, while within the prevailing hue is cream-colour. The communion table or altar, with the religious picture behind it, are almost the sole ornaments; and both within and without the church, in its modern plainness and bareness, forms the greatest possible contrast to one of the charming old *stave-kirker*, such as that of Borgund in the Lærdal. The minister, a tall handsome man, dressed in black gown and white ruffles, made a very imposing figure; but being unprovided with a Lutheran service-book, I could make little of the prayers or the psalms, which latter were sung to a drawling, monotonous sort of chant, while from my insufficient acquaintance with

Norwegian the sermon was almost a blank, and so it still remains. I must add that the men and women sat apart, and that much freedom of action seemed to prevail, especially among the men. They moved in and out, sat or stood as they pleased, and (I regret to be obliged to add) spat with a delightful nonchalance, while the odour which prevailed in the ill-ventilated building was not of the most agreeable kind. After the sermon was over I was glad to escape into the fresh air, and stroll for a short distance by the water-side, returning to watch the church-goers as they lingered about the village before their voyage home. An English service was going on in the drawing-room of the Hardanger Hotel, and quite a crowd of the natives was gathered in front, attracted probably by the music and the hymns; while the priest who had officiated at the church moved about the village, nodding or exchanging a few words with group after group, and evidently on the best terms with all. It was a pleasant homely scene, with the dark snow-capped mountains for its setting, and the blue summer sky for its canopy.

Among the guests at the inn who appeared at dinner were a family party of young Norwegians of both sexes, who had walked across from Christiania by way of the Rjukan Fos, a terribly rough journey, and on the first day of their arrival had (so my hostess told me) gone off to the Skjæggedalsfos, the great excursion of the place, and a hard day's work for the strongest. The meal consisted of the invariable boiled salmon, followed by stewed beef and those delicious sweets which form (one might almost say) the *pièce de resistance* in a Norwegian dinner. Then, after resting a while and drinking my coffee, I set off for the Buarbræ, a glacier of the Folgefond, and one of the most accessible in Southern Norway. The road, a new and excellent one, leading along a wild mountain torrent, and

commanding fine retrospective views of Odde and the fiord, conducts to the shores of a beautiful lake, the Sandvenvand, which lies embosomed in pine-clad hills, down which foaming cataracts leap and flash in the sun. The grassy terraced slopes between this lake and Odde are really the moraine of an ancient glacier, and are similar to those which are seen between Vik and the Eidfjordsvand, on the way to the Vöring Fos, and in other places in Norway. Crossing the torrent by a bridge, and finding some boats lying on the beach, I hailed a boatman from a hut near at hand, and was soon being pulled by vigorous hands across the smooth waters. After about a fifteen minutes' row there opened to view on the right shore, between two dark towering peaks, a beautiful wooded valley, with some farms near its outlet, the bright green of its slopes and trees in vivid contrast with the white sun-smitten masses of snow and ice, which closed the view beyond. The valley was the Jordal, its mountain gates the Jordalsnut and Eidesnut, and in the distance were the Folgefond and the Buarbræ, to which I was bound. How near, in that transparent atmosphere, seemed those vast fields of ice and snow, apparently but distant a short half-hour's walk! Presently the boat nears a beach of white sand, formed by the alluvial deposit of the glacier stream, and jumping out and leaving the man to await my return, I make my way up the valley. There is always a touch of adventure in going into the heart of the mountains alone, and yet, in spite of the many and obvious advantages of companionship, the lonely traveller is undoubtedly the most attuned to the wildness and solitude of the mountains around him. Nature, too, makes on him an impression at first hand, not blurred and distorted to some extent, by coming to him in part after passing through the consciousness of another. The Jordal, in its

lower portion, is a beautiful valley; the lawny slopes beneath the huge, frowning cliffs are adorned with flourishing elms, ashes, and other trees not usually seen hereabouts, while beneath them rose the purple spikes of foxgloves, almost the first I had seen in Norway. But presently the path begins to mount steeply, and the walk becomes a scramble; at my side the stream, now a raging torrent, flashes in the afternoon sun like ten thousand diamonds; while looking back, the lake across which I had come lies grey and sombre far far below. Here a tributary torrent has to be crossed on a frail-looking wooden bridge; here, on a smooth piece of turf, are a herd of beautiful cows waiting to be milked, with the bell of their leader giving warning of their neighbourhood; and here, a girl in the picturesque native costume comes tripping along down the rough stony way. Perhaps she has come down from one of the lonely upland farms, on her Sunday out, to visit her friends in the little metropolis of Odde. Steeper and stonier grew the path, but nearer and nearer the fields of snow and ice shone in the full rays of the afternoon sun, while above, dappled with patches of soft, white, fleecy cloud, hung the softest of summer skies. Presently the road ceases to mount, and in front there stretches a little green plain—part barley field, part hay meadow—the latter sweet with the scent of new-mown hay, which has been placed to dry on wooden hurdles, so as to reap the fullest benefit from the sun's rays. Here, close to the edge of the glacier, the ground is bright with bluebells, pansies, buttercups, and other flowers—larger and deeper-hued than we see in our lowland meadows. Across the stream are the weather-stained buildings of an ancient wooden *gaard* or farmhouse, and beyond them a mountain torrent falls down the dark precipitous cliff in a series of waterfalls, five or six in number, any one of which would make the

fortune of an innkeeper in Wales or Cumberland, while in this land of fosses they have not even a name. "In Canada," says Thoreau, "falls are a 'drug,' and we became quite dissatisfied in respect to them," and the following incident will serve to show that a similar feeling is possible in Norway. As our steamer was sailing up the Nærøfjord through scenery the most solemnly and sublimely beautiful, a young fellow, who had evidently been consulting his Baedeker, said to me (as if he were speaking of some effort of the pyrotechnic art rather than of a "sky-born waterfall"), "I see we are to be treated to a three-thousand-feeter before we get to Gudvangen." Presently the foss of which he had been reading came in sight, but it was no single unbroken leap of water as he had expected; nature had arranged the matter otherwise; and over successive shelves of rock the torrent came flashing and foaming down to its quiet haven in the green unruffled depths below. "H'm," said my Britisher, "I don't think much of that," and with something like disgust he turned his head away. But to return to the Buarbræ. Though the glacier seemed to the eye close at hand, it was still a steep half hour's climb over the wildest confusion of boulders and through entangling brushwood before I reached the summit of the moraine, and looked downwards and upwards upon the world of ice. Wonderful is the contrast between the soiled edges of the glacier, where, as it forces its way downwards, it comes in contact with rock and earth, and bears fragments of them on its bosom, and the exquisite unsullied blue of the ice-caves beyond. Never, it seemed to me, not even in the spotless azure of such a summer sky as overarched this majestic landscape, had I seen blue of so pure, so heavenly a tint. In bright July weather one readily forgets the more awful aspects of such a scene, yet the glacier whose beauty enchants us is in reality an image

and an example of nature's calm but terrible and resistless force. None of our poets, perhaps, has realised so deeply the mingled loveliness and terror of the higher mountains, or interpreted them with such kindred majesty of language as Shelley; and one's more solemn thoughts in presence of that ice-river with its slow but sure onward march, and of the snowfields above from which it is unceasingly and imperceptibly replenished, can hardly be better expressed than in these words of his—

Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
 Remote, serene, and inaccessible :
 And this, the naked countenance of earth,
 On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
 Slowly rolling on ; there, many a precipice
 Frost and the sun in scorn of mortal power
 Have piled dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
 A city of death distinct with many a tower
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.

Coming down again, I lost my way, and had an ugly quarter of an hour's scramble before I regained it, mistaking a tolerably well-defined path that led down to a cow-house for the one I had come by, and disturbing a peacefully ruminating cow, who, unfortunately, could give me no assistance in finding the right way. Partly on this account, and partly that the fascination of the retrospect made me turn again and again in the attempt to fix those glorious forms enduringly in my mind, I found when I again reached the lake at the foot of the valley that I had very considerably exceeded the time which I had been told the journey would take. My man was gone, but a lad appeared when I got down to the boat and rowed me across. On such a lovely evening, with the charmed stillness only broken by the motion of the boat and the muffled thunder of cataracts, what can be

more delightful than to be rowed across a beautiful lake, and to look up over its pine-clad mountain barrier to the eternal snows? I am sorry to say—more for the boy's sake than my own—that I was overcharged for the boat, which is at present a very rare experience in Norway. One little incident, which happened to me the following day as I walked home by this lake side on my return from the Lotefos, may be worth recording. Several times that day peasant children had offered me heaps of the wild mountain strawberry in clean white saucers; and now, out of a very poor cottage, a young woman stepped down to the road, and in a modest, deprecating manner produced her dish of fruit. Though meanly clad and barefoot, she bore herself with a certain natural grace and dignity, and when I declined her berries, she said, "Would I have a boat to go across to the glacier?" There was a boat (as nearly always in Norway) lying moored to the shore close at hand, and in it doubtless she would herself at once have pulled me across to the opposite side. I thanked her, but told her in Norwegian that I had been there the previous day. "Ah!" she said, with a pleased and flattered air, "*De tale Norsk*" (you speak Norwegian), and evidently was almost as much gratified by a stranger's interest in her language as if I had bought her berries or taken her boat.

When I got back to the inn, all the people I had met at dinner were gone, having left by the afternoon steamer, and supper was a dull and silent meal. Afterwards, having expressed a wish to hear the famous Hardanger violin, one of the girls of the house offered to send for a performer on that instrument, who sometimes plays to strangers; but, meanwhile, the wonderful beauty of the evening lured me to take a stroll down to the fjord. The rose and purple of the heavens were reflected in the glassy water, and gave a softer tinge to the snow-fields above—it was the most perfect

moment of a perfect day. But it was soon time to hasten back to the station, where I found my musician, Thore Horre, and listened for half-an-hour while he played wild snatches of dance music on the national instrument. This violin has, in addition to four upper strings, four smaller ones beneath them (Baedeker says six, but I could only see four); the lower strings sound when the upper are touched, and the effect produced is peculiar, almost weird. But one should be something of a musician to appreciate such things, and even national dance music on a curious violin may prove tedious on such a lovely evening; so I was not sorry to dismiss my man with a *krone*, and take my way again to the water side. The flush had now faded from the water and the sky, but an even deeper peace seemed to have fallen upon the scene. A boat, full of country people, increased rather than diminished the charm with its graceful motion, and the soft splash of its oars, and the white cottages on the shores of the fjord each beheld its perfect image below. A bird's note, soft and sweet, came wafted across the water, and in the blue sky above the white unearthly glimmer of the snow-mountains there flashed out, diamond-bright, one solitary star. And so, with the vast engirdling hills for its cradle, and the lustrous heavens for its roof, "the beautiful Hardanger" sinks into its evening repose.

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
 And folded in the strong embrace
 Of the great mountains, with the light
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,
 Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
 Of beauty still, and while above
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.

Far away, across the wild North Sea, lies dear old Norway—*Gamle Norge*, as her people call her, and as we English soon learn to do, perhaps with some thought of

Old England. But to him who loves nature with a sincere and a pure love, such experiences as these mountains and these fjords may yield him are not in vain—though it be hard to return to the melancholy smoke-wrapt city and the dull round of toil from those glorious scenes where he has left half his heart. In sad and lonely hours, some landscape, lovely or sublime, will come back to him almost with the vividness of reality; the long unlovely street will shape itself to his imagination into a solemn cliff-darkened fjord or green forest-vista; amid its harsh and meaningless clamour he will hear at times the roar of cataracts or the tinkle of cowbells in the sunny pastures, for its vile and polluted atmosphere breathe pine-scented air. There may, perhaps, be sublimer scenes in other lands than any to be found in Norway, but there can hardly be any more perfect in their kind; and there is assuredly no country in the world where an Englishman ought to feel more thoroughly at home. For it is not only the charms of the landscape which there delight the traveller, and leave behind them fragrant memories; he comes into close contact with a people brave, hardy, intelligent, no unworthy descendants of those old Vikings, who ten centuries ago swarmed on our coasts, and some of whose blood still flows in our veins; a people who wrest a scanty sustenance from a niggardly soil, and yet are ever bright and cheerful, and full of a beautiful hospitality to the stranger. He must be indeed a “churl in spirit” who does not look back with the liveliest feelings of pleasure and gratitude upon the days he has spent in Norway.





VILLAGE BELLS.

BY J. A. GOODACRE.

SWEET is the varied music to be found
In streams, and groves, and song-resounding dells,
But sweeter far that still diviner sound—
A heavenly anthem to the world around—
The joyous peal of distant village bells.
Rung out on Christmas Eve from trembling spires,
The sacred chimes in silvery tones recite
Their oft-told story to the voiceless night,
The theme of angels and immortal choirs.
The joyful song is wafted far and near,
Free as the air of heaven that knows no bound,
Through fields, and woods, and o'er the dewy ground,
Its ever-varying cadence falls and swells
In sweet vibrations on the listening ear.





ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BY THOMAS HEIGHWAY.

IN the *Nouveau Decameron* "le roi des conteurs d'aujourd'hui" is thus described: "His head, of a refined beauty, is covered with a floating mass of ebony hair which descends upon his shoulders, mixing with the curled beard, the pointed ends of which he rolls continually. The eye, but little opened, emits a glance black as ink, but vague sometimes in consequence of an excessive shortsightedness. He has the lively gesture, the mobile face, every sign of a son of the South."

Alphonse Daudet was born in 1840 at Nismes, Languedoc, and when seventeen years old came to Paris with his brother. For some years their life was one of privation. Ernest, the elder, appears to have exhibited a solicitude almost maternal for Alphonse—so much so indeed that they were known amongst their student friends as the "Mother and Daughter." Alphonse gives an account of these early days in *Le Petit Chose*, and Ernest treats of the same subject in his book *Mon frère et Moi*. In 1861 Alphonse published a volume of poems, *Les Amoureuses*, which attracted the notice of the Duc de Morny (the Mora of the *Nabab*), who made him his private secretary, a post which he retained until the death of the Duke five years later. Since that time Daudet has published a great many

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books, but those to which I attach the greatest value bear the sub-title of *Mœurs Parisiennes*. These are *Fromont, Le Nabab, Numa Roumestan*, and a book dealing in a very drastic manner with the pretensions of the "unco guid" and "ower" righteous sects of Paris. This latter work is a very remarkable one—it is so true that it is positively unpleasant reading. Daudet, in Paris, assumes for our benefit the rôle of Asmodée—he takes the roofs off the houses, and shows us the inhabitants; he does more—he enables us to penetrate beneath the conventional disguise, and recognise the human heart within. The outside view of Paris is pretty well known to most of us, but few have opportunities of seeing anything of the *vie intime* of the people who live there. Introductions by friends show us only a limited circle, and it is to books that we must turn if we would make a large Parisian acquaintance. French authors, as a rule, are so occupied with the stirring incidents of conjugal infidelity, or the sentimental vapourings of the "horizontelles" and their clients that they depict but meagrely the many phases of social life in their great capital.

Fromont jeune et Risler aîné is Daudet's greatest success. He tells us of its publication in the feuilletons of the *Bien Public*, and of the interest it excited—many of his readers writing to him to beg for a happy fate for their favourite characters. The success of the romance in book form astonished and delighted him; it ran rapidly through many editions; demands for translations reached him from Italy, Spain, Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, and at last from England. The slow recognition of his work in England surprised him, as he rightly judged that it was of that character which Englishmen, of all readers, would be the most likely to appreciate. The inception of *Fromont* is contained in the pathetic story of *L'Arlésienne*, published

in *Lettres de mon Moulin*. *L'Arlésienne* was produced as an opera, the music being written by Bizet. As a libretto it was a failure, but in the theatre, at the moment of its being damned, Daudet formed the idea to transfer the scene from the country to the city, and to embody the story in a novel descriptive of life in the manufacturing quarter of Paris. In the novel-making the influence of the story of *L'Arlésienne* is slight, but the sentiment dominates the book, and gives an impression of high poetical power to a work that is primarily a series of types of humanity copied after nature. "After nature," says Daudet, "I have never had any other method of working." By nature Daudet means men and women, though that he has an eye for lower organisms his *Lettres de mon Moulin* abundantly proves. He gives us a picture of himself living amongst the people he loved to portray, with notebook always ready in which to gather sketches for his romances. He is accused of writing *Romans à clef*—one has even published the keys—but he explains that his characters are types; not individuals, not celebrities, but persons lost in the crowd where no one would have dreamt of looking for them. "Is not this," he asks, "the true fashion of writing a novel—that is to say, the history of the people who will never have any history." All the people of *Fromont* have existed or live still. Sidonie, he explains, is not so black as he has painted her; she was intriguing, ambitious, giddy with her new fortunes, intoxicated with pleasure and with extravagant toilettes, but incapable of adultery. This adultery he seems to think necessary to dramatic effect—the passion essential to the drama; so he introduces it with its falsehoods, its emotions and its dangers, but confesses that thereby the main interest of his study is diverted to Sidonie and her adventures, when the association ought to be the principal motive. The relation of the chief

characters to the plot of the novel is soon told. The central and most often recurring scenes are a paperhangings manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and a working-class tenement overlooking it. Georges Fromont is the son of the late founder of the firm. Risler is the designer and working partner. Sidonie, the daughter of "poor but respectable parents," lives in a flat whose windows give upon the mill yard, marries Risler, and is seduced by or seduces Fromont. Risler has a brother Frank, who is in love with Sidonie, and Sidonie has a crippled friend, Désirée Delobelle, who loves Frank. But what are plots in novels of the highest class? They are but circumstances that affect the action of the characters. The reality of Sidonie, of Risler, and of Désirée is such that they would be the same personages under any conditions, only their action would vary as the conditions prescribed. We should see them at a different moment, that is all. If Fromont had not met Sidonie he would still have bartered away the companionship of the most amiable woman in Paris—his wife, Claire—for some vulgar pleasure. If Sidonie had not met Fromont she would have remained the same wicked, vain, seductive little woman, only refraining from sin because the opportunity had not arisen. That Risler's character was affected by his contact with Sidonie is undeniable, as he is one of those strong, practical natures in which the latent romance would remain torpid unless aroused by some great passion.

Acknowledging, then, that the plot of the novel is but a skilful working out of an old story, let us glance at the principal characters and accessories. These are so numerous and so important that we may well despair of conveying to anyone who has not read the novel an adequate idea of the living reality of these creations. Though the subjects are chosen from that sphere of life which Dickens

delighted to pourtray, the absence of caricature and the ruthless exposure of the real motives of action are comparable only to Thackeray. The comparative absence of humour, that greatest of all attributes of the novelist, makes him inferior to Dickens and Thackeray; but, were Daudet an Englishman, he would have possessed that faculty so peculiarly English, and with that added to his wonderful knowledge of human nature and powers of expression he would have accomplished work that would have placed him on a par with the greatest of our novelists.

This novel of *Fromont* was crowned by the French Academy. What the precise value of this distinction in a Republic may be, I know not, but from the opening chapter, descriptive of a bourgeois wedding, to the closing tragedy at the Barrière, the book is a succession of pictures of life as it is lived in the Paris of our day, and of emotions that are common to humanity all the world over. The character of Désirée, in its pathos, its sweetness and its constancy, is perhaps one of the most charming in the book; and is of special interest to us because of its similarity to Dickens's Doll's Dressmaker. Daudet tells us in his preface how he had first given this afflicted daughter of the fatuous Delobelle the occupation, common in her quarter of Paris, of a dresser of dolls. This business seemed peculiarly suited to the infirm girl who inherited from her father tastes of delicacy and of elegance which she might content in the exercise of her calling. The liberal use of satins and fineries, the insensate ideas of grandeur of her father, and the actual sordid poverty of her condition offered opportunities for artistic contrast that Daudet abandoned with regret. He did so after reading a preliminary manuscript to a friend who informed him that he would undoubtedly be accused of plagiarising from Dickens. He had not at that time read *Our Mutual Friend* but he at once cast about for

a new *métier* for Désirée. This, he says, was not easy to find—these things do not invent themselves—but after much hunting in the Faubourg and much climbing of staircases he at length hit upon the occupation of a dresser of birds for millinery purposes. This is made to express his purpose so well that we cannot regret that he was forestalled in his first idea, and the picture of Désirée at her work will long dwell in the memory. “Désirée, young as she was, had an exquisite taste, a fairy-like invention, and no one could place the glass eyes in the little birds’ heads so well as she, or display their wings so naturally. A cripple since childhood, she passed her days in a big arm chair before a table covered with fashion plates and birds of all colours, finding in the capricious elegance of her occupation forgetfulness of her own trials. She imagined all the little birds flying away from her motionless table to begin real voyages round the Parisian world, and from simply noting the way in which she arranged them, one could have divined the nature of her thoughts. On her days of depression the slender beaks were stretched out, the wings spread wide open, as if to dart furiously away from fifth floor lodgings, privation and misery. On other days, when Désirée was contented, the little creatures had a magic air of sprightliness, the headstrong and impudent air of some caprice of fashion.” Her mother worked with her, and these two indefatigable women had one fixed idea which prevented them feeling the weight of all this toil—this was “the histrionic glory of the illustrious Delobelle.” This introduces us to the most genuine touch of comedy in the book, for Daudet’s books, like all that really portray life, are rather sad. Delobelle is an actor, an unappreciated tragedian, living on the earnings of his family, and waiting for that intelligent manager who never appears, but who, he is convinced, will some day seek him out and offer him

a part suited to his powers. He is thoroughly in earnest, a completely self deceived man; urged by his friends to accept some remunerative employment, he has but one answer—solemnly he avers, "I have not the right to give up the stage;" and his wife and daughter working, day and night, amid the fumes of arsenic, repeat energetically, while breaking their needles against the wires of the little birds, "No! no! Monsieur Delobelle has no right to give up the stage." "Happy man, always smiling with an air of condescension; to whom the habit of reigning in dramas had given for life the exceptional position of a spoiled and admired infant king." The Delobelles are only accessories, the interest of the tale is concentrated upon Sidonie and Claire. The analysis of these characters is complete and masterly. As portraits or as psychological studies they are equally good. Claire is one of those women in society whom Thackeray would have loved—"To know her is a liberal education." Sidonie is the Becky Sharp of the tradesman's world. Between these two women, young and pretty, the wives of partners, it may be readily imagined that advice is not easily given or received. Their relation to each other is sketched in true Thackerayan manner, when Madame Fromont, on the occasion of a great dinner, takes Madame Risler aside and smiling in her face, so as to say it without vexing her, hints that she is wearing too many jewels and flowers. "Sidonie coloured, thanked her friend, but, at the bottom of her heart, inscribed a grievance the more against her." In the world of Claire one had somewhat coldly received this daughter of the ruined shopkeeper. The Faubourg St. Germain has its pretensions, but the Marais has also its class distinctions. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the book is the manner in which the character of Sidonie is developed under the influence of her surroundings. Her early days

alternate between the sordid penury of her home and the wealthy magnificence of the Fromonts. She is apprenticed by her father to a maker of artificial flowers, a Madame Le Mire, who passes her days in reading penny dreadfuls and superintending the work of five or six pale girls who are, no doubt, types of hundreds of such Parisiennes as one sees any evening at a students' or workman's ball. Their talk is of dress and of fine marriages. In the morning they come to work pale, cold, shivering, two or three rubbing their eyes—"who knows how they had passed their night?"

This companionship, though hateful to Sidonie, had a demoralising influence. She, too, had her dreams, until the false pearls that she was for ever handling entered into her heart.

The characteristics we have noticed are the same in Daudet's other works. *Le Nabab* is a picture of "Paris cosmopolite" at the end of the Second Empire. Here he deals with a different state of society from that illustrated in *Fromont*, but his success is as great. The novel opens with the living portrait of the Irish doctor, Robert Jenkins—the fashionable doctor of the year 1864—square-shouldered robust, and healthy as an oak; the busiest man in Paris; *bon camarade* and philanthropist; the villain of the piece. The central figure of the book is Jansoulet, a large hearted man, of fabulous wealth, and unbounded simplicity. He is one of the most striking characters in modern literature, and is depicted with such a wealth of colour and precision of outline that one marvels how Daudet, with his usual gracefulness and lightness of touch, could have produced him; and, though Mora (the Duc de Morny) is equally well done, our surprise is not so great, as this is a character thoroughly French.

Amongst the people of high society Daudet seems to the

manner born, but his most charming writing is reserved for the more lowly placed, with whose struggles for existence his own early experience has rendered him for ever sympathetic. Interwoven with the doings of the great and powerful in *Le Nabab* is the natural pathos of the story of the famille Joyeuse. Monsieur Joyeuse is a widower with daughters, and the delightful sketch of their ménage, and their simple affection for each other, is a revelation to those who believe the stupid calumny that the French have no home life. M. Joyeuse is a clerk with the banker Hermerlingue until his dismissal, which he conceals from his daughters, and leaves home each morning as usual—as they think to go to his office—in reality to seek a new employment. His wanderings are most pathetically described—"the humiliations reserved to every man who seeks work, as though it were a disgrace to want it."

Daudet is not a producer of that kind of French novel that our own second rate writers are so fond of placing in the hands of their idle women. It is a question for social politicians rather than for *littérateurs* how far French literature reflects the morals of Parisian society; but it is a literary question as to how far the creations of an author embody those idiosyncrasies that are common to civilised humanity. Human nature, as portrayed by Shakespeare, is the same all the world over, and Shakespeare, in spite of anachronisms of circumstances, is right. In Daudet's novels, though the local colour is so vivid, we have no feeling that we are reading about strangers in a strange land; his people have the same loves and hates, the same passions, the same morals as ourselves.

Daudet possesses at least one attribute of genius—the capacity for taking an infinity of pains. He must have been a great worker. He tells us that when writing the *Nabab* he wrote for twenty hours every day. He

describes this method of work to an interviewer thus:—
“I generally take one year for each novel; I can’t do it in less. Each of my books is written out three times. I first of all jot down my notes in a little book which I carry about with me. Then I write out these notes, crossing them off as I go along. These are copied cleanly by my wife, who corrects any little errors of redundancy. I then take my wife’s copy and go through it very carefully, adding and cutting to suit my taste.” He reads his manuscript from time to time to any friends who may be handy, and profits by their criticism. He uses his note-book continually, but it is only for his own observations. He says:—“A great mistake with English authors is the use of the commonplace book; in my opinion we read too many books; what we want is to come into contact with life.” Although his books are produced with so much care, his style is not laboured, but is everywhere easy and natural, and his mind seems ever sensitive to the real poetry of life.





MY FRIEND.

BY HENRY H. HOWORTH.

I WOULD not have him see behind
The veil that hides my thought,
Nor learn how different are the threads
Which our two minds have wrought;
He fancies that our work in life
Is moulded by one aim—
That when we differ as to means,
The end is all the same.

He trusts me as man only can,
I trust him quite as well,
And yet there are some mysteries
I would not to him tell;
'Twould chill, I feel, the purple stream,
That warms his ample hand,
If he knew what my eyes must see,
And where my feet must stand.

Ah me! that friendship should be marred
By impotence like this:
That, gazing in each other's eyes,
'Tis best so much to miss.
We bridge across a gaping gulf
In linking hand with hand;
And oft the friend we cherish most,
We least may understand.



METHODS OF LITERARY WORK.

[Under this general title it is intended to print a series of short papers dealing with various practical aspects of the work of literature and journalism.]

I.—THE PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPT.

BY J. H. NODAL.

THE most useful information on the subject of the preparation of manuscript for the press could probably be got from the conjoint evidence of a publisher or publisher's taster, a compositor, or a printer's reader. Failing these, a few notes from one who has had a varied experience as a journalist and editor, as well as writer of books, may not be unacceptable.

Good, clear manuscript is not only a comfort to the person who has to decide upon its acceptance for publication, and a convenience to the compositor and printer's reader, but, to the publisher or whoever is responsible in a pecuniary sense, it is a great saving in the cost of production. The cost of correcting the press often amounts to a fifth, and even a fourth, of the cost of typographical composition. In the case of some authors it is a positive saving, after the proofs have been revised by them, to set the whole of the work over again. The printers of Balzac's works invariably did this. To young authors who desire to gain a footing with publishers, a legible hand-writing is indispensable. A popular author whose works are sure to be profitable to a publisher can doubtless be indifferent to the character of

his handwriting, though whether his carelessness is on any grounds justifiable is open to doubt. It is an especial wrong to the compositor in those printing offices where the work done is paid for by the piece; nor is it fair to the publisher who, in such cases, has to bear a heavy outlay for corrections.

It is on record that the two worst writers of manuscript for the *Edinburgh Review* in its earlier and palmy days were Jeffrey, the editor, and his most industrious contributor, Sydney Smith. The latter compared his own handwriting to the hieroglyphics of a swarm of ants escaping from an ink-bottle, and walking over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs; and when his wife enclosed him an illegible passage from one of his letters from London, and asked for an interpretation, he replied that "he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it." It is amusing to find that this owner of a wretched caligraphy was compelled to ask Jeffrey to dictate his letters and not write them himself. Referring to one of Jeffrey's epistles, he says: "I have tried to read it from right to left, and Mrs. Sydney from left to right, and we can neither of us decipher a single word." The printers had to guess their way through Jeffrey's manuscript. Lord Cockburn complained of his illegible hand, and of his aversion to new paragraphs, and says that he wrote whole volumes, and even an entire play, with the full complement of acts and scenes, without a new line.

The manuscripts of both Wordsworth and Byron were almost illegible, and the revision of their proofs was a work of immense labour. Byron made a fearful mess of his proofs, scrawling corrections on the margins till Murray and his printers were almost driven out of their senses. His additions were generally greater than the original text. The

Giaour, for example, as sent to the printer, contained four hundred lines. A thousand more were added in the proof. Sir Walter Scott's proofs, again, were a terror to his printers. Dr. Lardner states that the MS. of the *History of Scotland* was full of slips, of incomplete sentences, of repetitions, bad grammar, and clumsiness, so that, when it came to be corrected in proof, the printers had a prolonged and complicated task. The doctor, therefore, had the rest of the copy re-written by a competent clerk, "to make it read," before it was given to the compositors. It was reported that the Laureate has for a long time adopted the practice of having his poems set up in type, and he corrects and re-arranges them at leisure—a plan which is only possible, as a rule, in the case of a rich and indulgent publisher or a magnate in the world of letters. Macaulay's first drafts were written in a small hand, with many interlineations and erasures; but he always wrote out the whole for the press in a large and perfectly clear hand. Doubtless many authors do the same, but the mechanical work of copying is a drudgery which others absolutely decline to undertake.

There are differences in the right mode of preparing the manuscript of a book and the copy intended for a newspaper, but one practical requirement is the same in both cases. The manuscript must occupy one side of the page only. The chief reasons for this are (1) to enable the author to make additions on the opposite page, or at the back of the page, and (2) to facilitate the work of the compositor. Copy for newspapers or the periodical press should not entirely cover the sheet. A margin should be left at the top of each page or slip, and another down the left hand side. These are necessary for the marks which the editor may deem it necessary to make for the guidance of the printer. All proper names and unusual and foreign

words should be written with careful distinctness, as near like print as possible. Especially is this requisite in cases where the author is not likely to have a proof for revision, as in most newspaper work.

Apart from the question of handwriting—which, of course, is all-important—there are two things which many regular writers and still more occasional or infrequent writers for the press neglect—punctuation and paragraphing. These may be thought to be indifferent matters, but they are not so. The sense frequently depends upon accurate punctuation; and if the work makes any pretensions to style, nicety of pointing is indispensable. Paragraphing, again, is an art in its way, which appears to be little studied. Articles of a couple of columns in length are not infrequently written without a single break; and, on the other hand, some writers make a paragraph of every sentence. It is hard to say which is the more distressing.



THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[Suggested by a passage in *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo.]

I'M blind, but have your love, dear wife;
How strangely happy is my fate!
Since none may have a perfect state:
How glad beyond the most of life!

I know the need which you can fill,
Your faithful and your constant part,
And know you need me in your heart,
That both may make one perfect will.

Give me your little hand, sweet wife;
That hand so weak; and yet so strong
To shield me from all careless wrong;
A reed, and yet my staff of life.

Unworthy centre of your life,
I'm strong because infirm and weak;
I feel your lips upon my cheek,
Your guiding hand, my own true wife.

The perfect love casts out all fear,
And who is certain, is not blind,
But carries in his constant mind
A sun that shines throughout the year.

Your love is mine, I have no fears,
For me you walk and talk and sing,
Your rustling robe an angel's wing,
That makes sweet music in my ears.

The light of love can never fade;
For all there is of fair and bright,
I would not change the perfect light
That cheers my Paradise of Shade.

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